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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A few weeks ago, when the intention to prosecute M. Gambetta was first intimated, it was proposed to send him a numerously-signed declaration of English sympathy by way of protest against such a kind of political warfare. The design was given up before it had gone far; on consideration, it was seen that interference between the factions of another country, however repugnant the conduct of any of them might be to modern notions, was more likely to do harm than good. But we do not think that Mr. Gladstone's reference to France in his speech at Nottingham can be considered indiscreet. "I ask you," he said, "to bestow with me one word of sincere and fervent admiration for the present attitude of the French nation. I shall make no allusion to internal differences. If I did I should defeat my own purpose, which is to soothe feeling and not to wound it. But this we see, the French people engaged in the conduct of a great political crisis; there is reason to believe that in other times violent things would have been said and done, and soon blood might have been shed. That wonderful nation—for they are a wonderful nation—nevertheless, did, until recently, seem to be backward in its political education. Perhaps the sufferings of the country in 1870 were ordained from on high to teach it wisdom. At any rate, this I will say—we have seen true development of political wisdom among the French people since the war of 1870, which the whole world might envy, and which we must admire. Self-command, moderation, firmness of purpose, respect for law, determined attachment to free government. These are the qualities which are tranquilly but indelibly impressed upon the heart of the nation. Such at least is the impression made on me as a spectator, by the conduct of the people of France, and now let the cheers of this meeting assure them that they have the sympathy of the people of England." The cheers in response to this appeal were long and hearty. This is a sort of support which English politicians may offer to the cause of order in France without wounding any susceptibilities except such as ought to be wounded.

The letter in the *Times* of yesterday "from an Englishman in the French Provinces" (said to be Mr. Frederic Harrison) quite bears out what we heard last week from private sources as to the reception of the Marshal's Manifesto by the peasantry. "The effect of the Manifesto may be summed up in a phrase which was used to me by a friend whom I consulted as to the effect it would have on the ordinary voters, who are not keen politicians. 'Will it not frighten these easy-going people,' I said, 'who have been so often frightened before?' 'No,' said he, 'it will exasperate them. French electors, whatever their politics, are not accustomed to be spoken to in this tone, and certainly not by an *être si borné*. It is one of the silliest things which was ever done by a politician. There is a great change in our people within the last seven years; I see it in the town in which I live. It was formerly pledged to the Empire; it is now become Republican. The *petite bourgeoisie* has been wont to shelter itself behind the strongest, and for years it thought the Empire was strong; but it has had a terrible lesson in Sedan, and slowly, I know, but surely, it has come to see that the Republic is the strongest, that it has won the adhesion of the safe men, and that it offers the best chance for material prosperity. We were all going on smoothly when May 16 fell on us, and what has happened since has made men come to look on the Government as an adventure. And then there is so much difference in the tone of the army. Time was when I can remember the officers of the garrison red-hot Imperialists. I can see the change since the war in the officers whom I meet in public and in society. Now the majority are certainly Republican, and, except in the cavalry regiments, incapable of plotting treason against the nation."

Mr. Gladstone's habit and repute of indiscreet utterance seem to offer a great temptation to—over-talkative persons. If he do not issue a general manifesto to all whom it may concern—and whom does it not concern?—to believe nothing that is said as to his opinions unless the assertor can produce warranted documentary evidence, there is some danger that the remainder of his life be lost in the task of contradicting false reports. We notice elsewhere the *Daily Telegraph's* little mistake; and another instance is recorded in the *Daily News* of Friday. "A letter from Mr. Gladstone," says its Berlin correspondent, "in regard to Count Arnim is published this morning. It will be recollected that some time after the trial of Count Arnim a letter from Prince Bismarck became public, in which it was stated that the British Government had objected to the appointment of Count Arnim as Ambassador to London, on the ground that his word was not to be trusted. Earl Granville soon afterwards disclaimed any knowledge of such an objection, and it was long supposed here that Mr. Gladstone was Count Arnim's critic. Baron Loee, one of the gentlemen implicated in the case, recently wrote to Mr. Gladstone on the subject, and the latter has replied that he never had occasion to comment on Count Arnim's character in the way alleged." The correspondent adds that "this clears Mr. Gladstone, but does not clear Count Arnim. It is perfectly certain that Prince Bismarck would not have made the statement he did without

some reason." This is what it is to have a character absolutely above suspicion. But who then is the guilty British statesman? for Prince Bismarck's allegation was that the British Government had objected to Count Arnim as a person whose word was not to be trusted; and if Mr. Gladstone had to be "cleared" of having raised such an objection, some other member of the British Government must be implicated, unless—but the Great Chancellor is above suspicion.

The Social Science Congress, which came to an end on Thursday, seems to have been a particularly prosperous meeting. The Penge murder trial and the charge against detectives have left the newspapers little space for the report of its proceedings, but that is less of a calamity to the Social Science Association than it is to the Trade Union Association, because the former publishes its own report. The report for this year should be an interesting volume. A considerable proportion of the space at the disposal of the *Times* has been appropriately given to the proceedings of the Repression of Crime section. The President of this section opened its sittings with a very interesting address, in which, among other things, he discussed what may be called the question of the day—the possibility of shortening such preliminary inquiries as that just held at Bow Street. The Lord Advocate did not express himself as being quite sure that they manage these things better in Scotland, where the Procurator-Fiscal, the Public Prosecutor, investigates in private whether there is such an amount of evidence against an accused person as warrants his being committed for trial. He attached great weight to "the English love of fairness and justice, which leads people in England to prefer that, before a man had become the subject of a prosecution, there should be an inquiry in open daylight, at which he should have an opportunity, by cross-examining the witnesses, of showing that there was no foundation for such a charge as would warrant proceedings against him." But that was perhaps only the Lord Advocate's "canny" way of putting it, and he sees as plainly as others that a person suspected of a crime would rather have the suspicion dispersed by the decision of an impartial and competent investigator in private than published to all the world by an open examination of witnesses. At any rate, he put very clearly the objections to the preliminary open trial, for it amounts to a trial. "It was impossible," he said, "not to feel that in a case like that of the charge against the detectives, it would be much better for the men themselves to be tried at once. It was a painful thing to keep men in the box in torture from day to day. There were other considerations, too, which suggested themselves. If they looked at the beginning of the report, they would see that the prisoner A was represented by counsel B and C, and the prisoner D by somebody else; and one thing which naturally occurred to one's mind was, how much money these unfortunate men were possessed of, when they were compelled in self-defence to employ counsel and agents, not to defend them against the charge upon which they would in all likelihood be tried, but simply to dress up the evidence in the best way they could before the trial began."

On the question of the Treatment of Criminals, the Lord Advocate expressed himself strongly in favour of reformative and preventive measures, as against measures of simple deterrence. "In the good old days crime was regarded as a species of evil which it was the duty of the civil authority to stamp out at all hazards, with little or no regard to the physical or moral welfare, or even to the lives, of the unfortunate beings who were convicted of its perpetration. But under the influence of more enlightened views we have begun rather to look upon crime as a disease which affects the social and moral nature of the prisoner, and to recognise the fact that while in the interests of society we are bound to remove the disease and its contagion, it is no less our sacred duty to do all that in us lies to cure the diseased ones and to restore them to moral health and vigour. And in the discharge of that duty we have also begun to learn that as it is easier, as it is pleasanter, and as it is vastly cheaper, to take effective means for preventing the outbreak of an epidemic than to cure its victims, so also the wiser and more economical method of dealing with our criminal classes is to use preventive means—to save, if possible, the lower strata of our population from falling into crime, instead of confining our endeavours to their punishment and reformation after they have fallen." The Lord Advocate is right in saying that these principles have been established beyond the reach of controversy to the great gain of the cause of criminal reform, but the opinion also expressed by him that "the methods of preventive training and reformatory discipline are still in the first stages of their development" justifies him in dwelling upon them. The principles are established, but nearly every attempt at the practical extension of them still meets with determined opposition.

In Mr. Chadwick's comprehensive review of the progress of sanitation, of which he has been so long an enthusiastic and successful apostle, he gave some amusing instances of what can be done by sanitation in prisons, where the conditions can be regulated as the authorities like. "By clean air, clean persons, pure water, and by regulated regimen, prisons are made seats of health, and display the most conspicuous *norma* to be kept in view of the power of sanitation in adult life. Sir Robert Christison, the distinguished consulting physician on the prisons of Scotland, declares that the general prison of Scotland, that of Perth, is apparently the most healthy place in the world. He states to me:—'The healthiness of the general prison is almost marvellous. I have, down to the present time, inspected it as Government inspector six times annually for thirteen years past, and have very seldom indeed found more than one man and one woman in bed among 750 prisoners—once or twice no one!' In the common condition previously from such a number of prisoners a large sick ward would be occupied. He is most emphatic in his expressions of astonishment at the result. I have heard similar expressions from prison surgeons in England, and that they are wont to say of patients in their private practice, 'Oh, if I could only have that case in prison, I could save the life!' It may be said that the epidemics which ravage the populations under the rule of baily bodies, vestries, and the like, do not now touch the populations in the prisons under the care of the State. Epidemics rage round them, but do not enter them unless it be by some extraordinary accident, or some very culpable negligence. I once met a prison surgeon of our model prison at Pentonville, who appeared to be in trouble of mind. I asked him if anything had happened. He had got a case of small-pox in the prison! The disease was then ravaging the courts and alleys in the vicinity of the prison, where as many as a third of the wage classes in some of them were attacked. But this by no means consoled him; a case had no business to be in his prison."

One of the most important papers read at the Social Science Congress was one by Professor Bain on the Civil Service Examination scheme. It was reported in full only in the local journals; it will probably give rise to some discussion if it is reprinted in any of the magazines. Professor Bain's most novel and startling thesis is that "languages are not a proper subject for competition, with a view to professional appointments." Those who read his reasons for holding that languages should not be made a test of the ability of candidates for administrative offices, but that only a sufficient pass should be required from them in such languages as they have occasion to use in the course of their duties, will admit that this view is more than a paradoxical crotchet. The gist of his argument lies in this, that "the only human faculty that is tested and brought into play in linguistic acquisitions is the commonest kind of memory,

exercised for a certain time." No man's opinion in a matter of psychology is entitled to more respect than Professor Bain's, and we shall doubtless hear more of the question thus raised, in Germany if not here, where it will probably be some time before the question becomes a practical one! Still, it being a tolerably reasonable contention, *primâ facie*, that command of language is no test of administrative power, and our widening empire and growing responsibilities in India and elsewhere making it more and more urgent for us to get the best possible administrators for our dependencies, there is no saying how soon we may find it necessary to consider the reform of our competitive systems.

There can be little doubt as to the justice of the verdict in the Penge case. The defence set up, that the poor woman died of tuberculosis in the brain, a disease which seems to be accompanied by emaciation, was ingenious, and would have been still more ingenious if the counsel had argued that the irritation caused by the disease had the effect of making the patient refuse to take food and decline to have other wants attended to. If the jury could have been persuaded to take this view, they might have given a verdict of manslaughter, but the weight of the facts was against it. If it is possible to distinguish degrees of guilt in so cold-blooded a crime, the probability is that the women were more to blame than the men, for the simple reason that the men had comparatively little motive to commit the crime. Perhaps the least dangerous criminal of the four was Patrick Staunton, who seems to have been the most violently brutal in his treatment of the victim. But the less said about the case the better. Perhaps when we get a little more civilised, the same feelings which prompted the jury to recommend the female prisoners to mercy will grow strong enough to insist upon doing away with the horrible spectacle of four human beings receiving sentence of strangulation before a fascinated audience, and within earshot of a crowd cheering at their doom. As the law stands, such feelings are a culpable weakness. It must be dangerous to give women an immunity from a punishment which is supposed to be necessary for the prevention of crime.

The Clyde shipbuilding firms and their *employés* have at last tried the remedy which they ought to have adopted nearly six months ago. They have agreed to refer the dispute between them to a Court of Arbitration, and, in consequence, one of the most formidable strikes of recent times came to a close last Monday. It is but just to the men to give them the credit of the first proposal for arbitration, which, unfortunately, the masters thought fit to decline, as far back as April last. The two arbitrators—one from each side—have power to choose an umpire, and the final decision will be accepted as binding; and it is provided that the men shall receive the enhanced pay from the date on which they resumed work, provided the Court decides that the state of trade warranted six months ago, or does warrant now, the demand of the workmen. The loss in wages alone is estimated at about 80,000*l.*; but that loss is small compared with the combined result of curtailment of savings, reduction of trade funds, and stoppage of trade.

A new interest has been imparted to the silver question by the very remarkable letter which the *Times* published, a few days back, from its Philadelphia correspondent. Those who have followed the discussions on the subject will be aware that one of the most formidable obstacles to the profitable working of the California, the Consolidated Virginia, and other mines in the famous Comstock Lode, lay in the expense entailed in ventilating, pumping, and raising the ore from shafts which in some cases have been sunk to a depth of 2,300 feet. In consequence of the high temperature at the lower levels, the miners could work only for a few minutes at a time, taking their turn in the cooling compartments. In October, 1869, the Sutro tunnel, as it is called, after the name of its projector, was begun, with the purpose of obviating all these difficulties. Running into the side of the Lode mountain, from the Carson River level, this tunnel will tap the various shafts at a depth of about 1,800 feet. When completed—next April—the tunnel will measure about four miles long. Mr. Sutro estimates that, by its means, he will be enabled to reduce the cost of ore-transport by 300 per cent. The reduction in working expenses will enable the companies to utilise the poorer ores, of which an enormous quantity is supposed to exist. Mr. Sutro also anticipates that, under the more economical management, the Comstock Lode may be made to yield, for fifty years more, the annual output which, for the present year, is estimated to be worth 36,000,000 dollars—half of it gold. The speculators of the Pacific may be congratulated on Mr. Adolph Sutro's astonishing success. But the prospects of this new venture will be anything but pleasant to those Americans who fear lest the Government, stooping to a mean quibble on the word "coin," should redeem their promise of specie payments, not in gold, but in depreciated silver.

The address of the Croatian Landtag to the Emperor contains some very strong expressions of opinion, though couched in the most loyal and respectful language, and insists on the incorporation of Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the military frontier in conformity with the decrees already issued, but which have not yet been carried into effect. In regard to the Eastern Question, the address identifies the interests of the monarchy with the regeneration of the Slav provinces of Turkey and their liberation from the Ottoman yoke; and, mentioning that the debates on the budget are close at hand, very broadly hints that the divided administration of the country entails an expenditure that cannot long be borne without great detriment to the monarchy at large.

King Alfonso has written a letter to the Pope, informing him of his intention to marry Princess Mercedes, and asking His Holiness's blessing on the union. Queen Isabella has also written to the Pope on the subject, but asking him to do just the reverse. His Holiness must be rather in a difficulty as to how to choose between the Golden Rose and the son of the Golden Rose. He will probably rejoice the one with his benediction, and console the other with his sympathy.

Now that the Hungarian Diet, the Austrian Reichsrath, and the Croatian Landtag have been opened, the *Times* will devote many columns of its space to the opinions of its Austro-Hungarian correspondent, and it will, perhaps, be as well to point out again that the views expressed by this correspondent are as exclusively Hungarian as he is himself; and that, however valuable his interesting information may be, it is essentially conceived in a true Magyar spirit. What the Magyar spirit is at present regarding the Eastern Question is amply proved by the enthusiastic joy with which the success of Osman Pasha in repulsing the Russians at Plevna was greeted throughout Hungary. Within a couple of hours the citizens of Pesth had arranged a general illumination of the town, and the excitement was so great that the authorities became anxious. They sent for the chief of police and ordered him to take all the precautions necessary, and if possible to prevent the demonstration assuming the proportions it threatened to take. The chief of police promised to do his best; but after a short time returned and informed the fathers of the city that the movement was wholly beyond his control. Fearing a collision, and fearing also a reproof from Vienna, the Municipality prevailed upon the Turkish Consul to leave his house for the time, so as not to be at home when the procession arrived at the Consular residence. To this the

Consul agreed. Meantime the trade in candles, oil, and lamps was enormous; and by dark all the streets in Pesth burst forth into radiance. Every window was illuminated; enthusiastic bands traversed the city shouting frenzied "Eljens" and "Tschok yaschas" and waving innumerable banners, which were lowered before the Turkish Consul's house after the Sultan and all the brave Osman brethren had been duly cheered. The same manifestations took place throughout Hungary. The enthusiasm could not have been greater had the Hungarians themselves achieved a signal victory over the Schwob and Slovack. Still, in the midst of all this wild delight, it would be well for the Hungarians to remember that there are a few people still on the Continent who are not all Hungarians; and that rather curious rumours are going about regarding the Austro-German commercial duties. The negotiations do not seem to progress; and it is said that Germany will not conclude these treaties in the sense the Hungarians wish unless certain conditions are fulfilled. What these conditions are seem as yet to be known only to the illustrious personages who recently met at Salzburg. It is also necessary to remember that Vienna and Agram have many points of contact between them, and that the interests of the monarchy and empire are not exclusively Hungarian. Finally, it may be well to remember that the populations of Austro-Hungary are pretty equally balanced, that one counteracts the other, and that, consequently, it does not much matter what either party does as long as Prince Bismarck has the casting vote.

THE CRISIS IN BULGARIA.

During the Polish rebellion in 1864, one of the officers of General Chrustcheff's forces garrisoning Lublin was promoted from the rank of colonel to that of general on the occasion of the Emperor Alexander's *fête* day. In the evening the newly-made general and his fascinating wife held a reception in their rooms to celebrate the event, and receive the congratulations of their friends. But the congratulations rather seemed to partake of the nature of condolences; and the deprecatory way in which the general received them impressed the uninitiated with the idea that congratulators and congratulatee were anything but impressed by the benefits of the promotion. And so it was. The colonel of a regiment keeps its books and cash, attends to the contracts, &c. The general has nothing to do with that. Consequently the position of a general is pecuniarily far inferior to that of a colonel, and promotion therefore loses in value what it gains in honour. It may, therefore, be true that there is a large army on paper in Russia which has no real existence, and that gigantic frauds have been committed which have not been discovered until the machinery was put to so rude a test before Plevna. That great corruption existed in the Russian army twelve or fourteen years ago was well known; but so many new laws, so many commissions, so many inspectors had been introduced since then to check abuses, that it was thought the evil, if not entirely stamped out, had nevertheless been brought under control. According to the *Times'* correspondents, and those of some other papers, this has not been the case. They say that the operations have been conducted with far too few men; and that this fact alone, apart from the incapacity of the Commanders-in-chief and the staff, with few exceptions, has most seriously compromised the position of the Russian armies. To all these drawbacks must be added, according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, the great discouragement of the men, and their conviction that they will only be delivered up to fruitless slaughter as long as the command of the armies remains in the present hands. Nor is this all. The commissariat and the transport service is equally badly organised. The engineers even are unable to repair a simple hole in a road. They cannot build, or neglect to build, the necessary bridges, and have not discovered, until quite recently, that spades and picks are indispensable accessories for the construction of earthworks and trenches. Thus, what with incapacity, corruption, neglect, and inferior forces, the Russian army is a gigantic fraud in the midst of a country where there are no roads, no railways, and no provisions, surrounded by hosts of valiant, ferocious, fanatic, honest, incorruptible Turks, who are only awaiting the snows of winter to wrap up the whole of the Muscovite armies in one vast winding-sheet, and sink them into the Danube.

Now assuming, for the sake of argument, that all this is perfectly true—and we have often enough pointed out the errors of the Russian commanders, from whatever cause they arose—assuming that the great Russian military system has completely broken down, what must be thought of the Turkish generals who have allowed this disorganised enemy to take up a position in the heart of the country? Have similar causes produced similar effects? That is denied on all sides. The numbers of the Turkish troops, never having been on paper, were never overestimated; the commissariat, popularly supposed to be the worst arm in the Turkish service, amply supplies the wants of the men. And even if it did not, the Turkish soldier really requires neither food, drink, nor pay. He can live on nothing, and he would just as soon be dead as alive. In fact, he prefers the former, as he passes forthwith into Paradise and the arms of seventy-seven sempiternal virgins. The artillery is far superior to the Russian in quality, and the artillerists still more superior to the Muscovite, whilst, as for the small arms, the Russian rifle cannot touch the Turkish Martini-Henry. The Turkish engineers are excellent; the lines they throw up, the redoubts they construct, are highly scientifically planned; and they certainly have not forgotten that spades and pickaxes are required to construct earthworks. In short, the Turks have proved once more what everybody knew, that they are born soldiers, born strategists, born tacticians, and that they possess everything in themselves except hard cash, which is not required, as their soldiers draw no pay, their officials no salaries, and their creditors no dividends. On the contrary, the world opens wide its money-bags, proud that the Padishah should honour it by deigning to accept millions of pounds to purchase ammunition with, and hold up the Crescent against the Cross to uphold Asiatic barbarism against European culture.

How is it, then, that the Russians are still in Bulgaria? How have they been able to withstand so superior a foe as long as they have? Surely there must be something wrong somewhere. If, according to the new theories, there were only 50,000 Russians before Plevna, there could have been only 30,000 after the repulse, as over 20,000 have fallen during the series of attacks on that place. Yet, in spite of this, Osman Pasha does not attempt to take a general offensive, in spite of all bad generalship, inferiority of forces, and so on. Suleiman Pasha has not yet forced the Schibka, nor beyond advancing his lines successfully against the Russian advance columns, has Mehemet Ali succeeded in forcing the Cesarevitch's lines. Of course, it will at once be objected that it was the Russians who came to attack and conquer, and that the Turkish commanders' proper place is to defend, to wait, and bide their time. But that is far too shallow an argument to be accepted when one army is so excellent and the other so wretched. It is, therefore, difficult to resist the conclusion that, though the original plan of the campaign has been marred through a variety of causes, the very inefficiency of the Russian organisation affords the measure of the Turkish army. The mistakes of the Russian commanders-in-chief only throw into more glaring relief the incompetency of the Turkish generals. Thus regarded in the most favourable light for the Turks, and the least favourable for the Russians, the struggle has so far proved the combatants equal in valour and equal in the commission of errors and the omission of precautions.

The question thus arises as to which of the two armies is most likely first to retrieve its position, to reform its organisation, and deal the decisive blow. If left to

its own resources, and deprived of the support it receives, there can scarcely be any doubt that the Porte would soon succumb. As it is, the result mainly depends upon the power of Russia to concentrate her forces and deal a series of crushing blows before her strength is frittered away. This, which applies to the general situation politically, also applies strictly to the military position; and there are signs at last that the Russian commanders have arrived at the conviction that what they henceforth undertake must be undertaken in overwhelming force, not because the Russian soldier is less brave than the Turk, not because of the fortifications at Plevna and elsewhere alone, but because no time must be allowed for the Turks to make use of the assistance that is being poured in upon them. There is no other alternative but this, and exhausting the charity and the speculative enterprise of the friends of Turkey by a second, third, or fourth campaign—unless, indeed, they choose to throw up the sponge, and abandon all attempts to solve the Eastern Question alone and unaided.

The necessity for this line of conduct has been proved by the relief of Plevna through the operations of Chevket Pasha from Orkhanie. Exhausted after the fruitless attempt to take Plevna by assault, and crippled by the failure of ammunition, and having neglected to cut off communication between Osman Pasha and Sophia, time was left for the Turkish generals to replenish their stores and force the Russians to do all the work over again; but evidently not in the same manner, for it is clear, from Chevket Pasha's not having thrown all his troops into Plevna, that an attack in the rear of Osman Pasha's position, or an investment in force of it, is feared by the Turkish commanders.

In the other parts of the field there has been but little change, if we except the terrible slaughter of 12,000 Russians, killed and wounded, slain by the *Daily Telegraph*, having been reduced to the more modest proportions of 1,200. The movement, however, of Mehemet Ali, by which he threatens the line of the Yantra, may have very important consequences, if he has not been depending on Suleiman Pasha to join him. If it is true that he has been disappointed by Suleiman Pasha, and that his movements are hampered by orders and intrigues at the palace, as described and asserted by the correspondent of the *Times* at his head-quarters, then it is difficult to see what he has gained by crossing the Kara Lom beyond putting himself within easier striking distance of the Russians, besides exposing his left flank to an attack from the Russian forces at Tirnova; for that Suleiman Pasha may go on hammering at the gates of the Schibka Pass till he has lost all his best soldiers, and relieve the Russians from all apprehension of danger in that direction, is more than probable, especially since it is amply evident that he let the opportunity slip by to join Mehemet Ali, with the bulk of his forces, during the attack on the Pass. The result of the impending battle depends upon the use the Russian commanders are making of the reinforcements that are passing across the bridge at Sistova. In all probability they are being marched down south of Biela, towards Osinovcha, where they will at the same time prevent Mehemet Ali from turning the Russian right, threaten his own left flank, and probably force him to fall back again. Whilst this is going on, the Russian positions before Plevna, at Lovatz and Gabrova, may safely be left to take care of themselves. It is not to be believed that the campaign will be brought to an end before a decisive blow is struck on the Yantra. This will entail, *ipso facto*, the solution of the deadlock before Plevna, either in favour of the Russians or the Turks, as the case may be.

THE INDIAN FAMINE IN A NEW PHASE.

The telegrams of the week, in so far as they forecast the results of the recent rainfall in the Madras Presidency, may be considered satisfactory. But this satisfaction must not be exaggerated. We are told that rain has been "general," and that a "four anna crop" is to be expected. And what in effect does this mean? It means simply that a rough guess has been made at the area which may, thanks to the rain of last week, be brought under cultivation,—ploughed and sown with seed. But seed has to germinate, the blade has to sprout and to grow, the ear has to form and to mature. And this takes time—two months at least; and not all the impatience of benevolence, nor all the wisdom of Governments, can force seed to return its hundredfold before it has leisurely gone through all the regular forms prescribed by Nature for that eight weeks, complied with all the provisions of the Code of Vegetable Procedure. The telegrams, then, as regards the Madras Famine, mean really no more than that two months hence there will be a quarter crop in the market, that prices for home-grown crops will be then at the rate of a shilling for (what in years of plenty would have been) fourpence worth of grain, that one-fourth of the proper produce of certain fields will be obtained from them. And this is to come to pass two months hence! But the Madras Famine will not be, nor (in Madras) has it ever been expected to be, at its worst till December. So that even the poor reinforcements of food now foretold will come up only after the battle has been fought. We have before us the letter of an Indian official, in which he says: "The only fear is that the English people may tire of this miserable Famine just when their help will be most needed and before the catastrophe reaches its climax. It is bad enough now (August), but it must get worse and worse till December." As a matter of fact, the Famine has not yet come to a head. The suffering has been already very great, but it will yet be greater; the death-rate has been high, but it will be higher and higher for weeks to come. The telegrams, therefore, though satisfactory, are by no means encouraging—except in so far as they fix a limit to the present agricultural stagnation. They might, without altering their meaning, be paraphrased in the following words "Matters are no worse than as at first expected. Wherever cultivators and cattle remain there will be a quarter crop next December." Till then the Famine must hold on its grim way.

A daily contemporary has, we see, informed its readers that for six months the average daily death-rate from starvation, direct and indirect, has been 15,500, and it may be that this calculation—appalling but excessive—was made upon data not at the disposal of the rest of the Press; but even reducing this mortality to one-half of our contemporary's figures, and then remembering that the climax is still to be reached, we can fairly gauge the awful nature of the catastrophe against which the Presidency has been struggling. More people will die of starvation during every hour of to-day than died all through the Bengal Famine from first to last.

But this, the Madras aspect, is by no means the most terrible of this Protean evil. The Famine has, according to the telegrams of the week, entered upon a new phase, and one which, unless Nature relents during the next three weeks, may perhaps occupy public attention from other motives than kindly sympathy. We refer to the threatened famine in the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, and Central India. Famine in these districts means not merely the distress from want of food of sixty millions more, but disturbances of a serious kind in the present and, for the future, years of administrative troubles. The population of the Madras Presidency has never been a difficult one to manage. It accepts all changes as gifts from the gods, sometimes good and sometimes evil; but at all times inevitable. During the present Famine, they have submitted, with a pathetic resignation, to their fate, and the Indian newspapers report no riots. But the populations of the North-West Provinces and the Punjab are of a different calibre, and with them famine means the disorganisation of society and popular outbreaks. There was in 1837–38 a failure of the crops in those districts, and no sooner had the serious pressure of the famine begun to be felt, than, we are told, "the ordinary bonds of society seemed to be broken by

it." Beginning in Rohilkand, the people gathered into bands for plunder, and, driven desperate by starvation, attacked the grain stores, and carried off their contents. Spreading rapidly, the disorganisation soon reached the districts of the lower Doab, and deplorable confusion is described as having prevailed from Bareilly to Allahabad. Troops had to be moved out on some occasions, and during the whole course of the famine a largely augmented police force, both of horse and foot, had to be kept up to maintain the peace, a duty which they must have found it very difficult to perform against large bodies of men whose natural instinct for fighting and plunder were quickened by their sufferings. It is among these same people that famine again threatens.

The telegrams say that in the North-West Provinces the unirrigated autumn crop has been "ruined" in Rohilkand, Meerut, Agra, and three other divisions, while the irrigated crop is a poor one. Spring crop sowings will be impossible if rain does not fall during the next fortnight. Meanwhile, relief works have been already opened in the Rohilkand and Agra divisions. From the Punjab comes the same news —"autumn crop almost lost: distress therefrom very large." From Central India we hear that the scarcity in the Gwalior territories is so severe that "continuous emigration" has commenced. Should these premonitory symptoms be followed up by an actual outbreak, the result may easily be something more than mere loss of life and loss of revenue. The North-West Provinces, the Punjab, and Central India, contain all the turbulent races of India. The history of India is the history of these peoples, of their lawless revolutions and their stubborn turbulence. A few years of forced calm cannot have changed their character nor tendencies, and therefore if the muscles of the administration are relaxed by any widespread calamity, such as is now desolating Madras, we may expect to hear that the Mahomedans of Rohilkand, the Mahrattas of Scindhia's dominions, the Rajputs and Jats of Upper India, are ready for mischief and plunder. No Indian official pretends nowadays that in Upper India British government is popular, and those of them who are best entitled to be heard, the revenue and settlement officers, confess that our unpopularity is greatest among the landholding classes. It is these classes who will suffer most severely by a famine; and, given a general dislocation of the joints of government, there are the best of grounds for anticipating social disturbances. It is only a few months ago that, in a history of the Ghazipur district (in the North-West Provinces), the writer, arguing from the general disaffection arising from the regulations for the sale and transfer of proprietary rights in land, inferred an approaching crisis, and gave it as his opinion that in the natural course of events an explosion was before long probable, and, if any time of public calamity supervened, certain. This, however, is an extreme view, and one we readily and willingly decline to entertain—even of the Ghazipur landholders. But this much is certain, that, if severe famine spreads over Upper India, the calamity will not be adequately met by Mansion House funds nor gigantic Relief Camps. Social disorganisation will follow on the heels of famine; and with their revenues already so miserably crippled, the local governments would find almost beyond their unaided powers the task of reducing their turbulent peoples to the calm routine of the past ten years.

This general view of the position is all that may, from the information as yet to hand, be taken. Another week, however, will no doubt bring more exact particulars of the state of affairs, and it will then be justifiable and profitable to calculate for each province the probable effects upon the restless and high-spirited races now threatened by the Famine in its new phase.

WHERE THE TURKS GET HELP.

In a letter published on Wednesday from St. Petersburg, the Special Correspondent of the *Times* alludes to the impression in Russia that England is strongly supporting Turkey, and of course naturally ridicules the idea of the British Government playing the part it so indignantly attributed to General Ignatieff. He then continues as follows:—"The latest document of this kind is a long letter from Tunis, printed in the *Golos* of yesterday. As that curious document is specially referred to in a leading article, and may, perhaps, go the round of the European Press, I shall give you an abridged translation of it. After declaring that his social position in Tunis is a sufficient guarantee for his veracity, the correspondent goes on to say:—'Le Bey règne mais ne gouverne pas. That is perfectly true. The supreme power is entirely in the hands of the Premier, who fulfils the functions of Minister of Finance, Minister of the Interior, Minister of War, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the same time, he is President of the Council. It would seem that such a Premier must really govern. Not at all. The dignitaries here are simply creatures of the man who represents the European Power which is the most clever at Court intrigues.' Now which of the European Powers deserves the first place in respect of cleverness of this kind? If an Englishman made a list of the Powers from this point of view he would probably give the first place to Russia, and modestly put his own country at the bottom. The Russian reverses the order, and we find ourselves, very much to our astonishment, at the head of the list. England, we learn, knows splendidly how to make use of the knowledge and personal qualities of her subjects. *Ergo*, the real ruler in Tunis is Mr. Richard Wood, while Khereddin, the nominal Premier, is a mere tool in his hands. Now, Mr. Wood, it seems, has been using his autocratic power for the purpose of sending gold, horses, mules, and grain to Constantinople. Against this infraction of neutrality the Consuls of all the European Powers except England protested, and the consequence was that Khereddin was summarily dismissed, and put under arrest. But all this was a mere comedy. The new Minister was as fanatical a Mussulman as his predecessor, and in a few days three English steamers flying Turkish colours were in the port of Goletta, taking on board grain, horses, and mules for Constantinople. The Bey explained that these were free gifts from the inhabitants of Tunis, and, consequently, could not be interfered with. That the ships were British was proved by the fact that the sailors spoke English, and wore the fez in a most awkward way. Such are the stories which are supposed to prove that England is secretly carrying on war with Russia."

Of course Mr. Wallace does not believe in the truth of these stories, and cannot for a moment entertain the idea that the British Government should directly and officially interfere in favour of the Porte. That there is a very large section of Her Majesty's subjects—not Englishmen—who support the Turks most efficiently, is, however, notorious; and it is also the fact that there is a large section of the Bey of Tunis's subjects—not Moors—who equally sympathise with the oppressed Osmanli. It is still further a fact that these subjects of various sovereigns all belong to one race which possesses the importance and the power without the responsibilities of a nation. But as they enjoy the protection of different sovereigns and the hospitality of different countries, and have no tangible head, it is equally clear that they cannot be interfered with. They could only be touched if they infringed the neutrality of the country they sojourn in, but as they deal only in cash and bills of exchange, and as cash and bills of exchange are not contraband of war as yet, there is not much likelihood of their being called to account in the present state of the law, and must be permitted as heretofore to make use of their power and organisation as may best conduce to what they may consider the furtherance of their interests. It would thus be very wrong to identify this section of Her Majesty's subjects with the rather simple-minded Saxon, the straightforward Scot, or the versatile Celt; and still more unjust would it be to identify the impalpable head, junta, or committee, the general principles or instinctive

policy of these subjects of various sovereigns, with the talented Squire of Bucks who conducts Her Majesty's Government. That is to say, not unless there were good grounds for doing so. And Mr. Wallace, not having any such grounds before him, naturally refuses to believe in the truth of the story related by the *Golos*. But, unfortunately, there does seem to be some truth in it; and, what is more, the confirmation of the story is rather worse, if true, than the original tale—in fact, an admirable little farce was acted in Malta regarding these 1,000 horses from Tunis, and it would be highly interesting to know who were the chief actors.

It may be remembered that on July 28 we stated that it was "worthy of remark that the Turkish yacht *Izzedin* arrived on July 23 at Malta with orders for the Turkish consul. The vessel is said to have subsequently left for Crete." Other papers also published this news with the addition—which we thought highly improbable, and therefore did not mention—that the *Izzedin* was about to await Midhat Pasha, who was then at Marseilles, and bring him to Constantinople. We will now take up the tale where the *Golos* leaves it. When the 1,000 horses which were a "free gift" of the population of Tunis were ready for embarkation, the Turkish authorities gave out that they could not spare any Government transports or war-vessels to bring them over, and concluded a contract with Captain Jackson of the *Sandringham* to transport the animals from Tunis to Constantinople for the sum of 1,200*l*. Of this contract the Russian Consul was informed, and advised to take measures to stop the *Sandringham*. This took place after the *Izzedin* had delivered its orders to the Turkish Consul. In due time the *Sandringham* put in at Malta *en route* from Constantinople to Tunis, with a number of horse-boxes on board, and other appliances for the transport of cattle. The *Sandringham* was then stopped by the authorities, and Captain Jackson summoned for an intended breach of the neutrality laws. But after the case was heard, the Russian Consul being present, Captain Jackson was acquitted, and his papers were handed back to him. In the meantime, however, three Turkish men-of-war had safely embarked 1,100 horses at Tunis, and safely delivered them at Constantinople on August 16. The *ruse* had thus completely succeeded. It was cleverly conceived and admirably executed. But we should very much like to know what were the "orders for the Turkish Consul" brought by the *Izzedin*. According to the Stamboul Press and the *Pesther Lloyd*, speaking *post factum*, the *Izzedin* went to Malta not to await Midhat Pasha, but to instruct the Turkish Consul in reference to his conduct in the matter of the *Sandringham*. But what instructions did the Turkish Consul want? He did not desire to stop the *Sandringham*; nor could he in any way have opposed its detention had there been a breach of neutrality. The only inference is that the Turkish Consul was informed of the real nature of the intended farce, so that he might be able to lead the Russian Consul astray. But the Russian Consul would scarcely be deceived by the Turkish Consul. Who was it, therefore, that informed the Russian Consul of the approaching arrival of the *Sandringham*? We should be sorry to answer the question as it is answered in Malta, where the whole matter is regarded as an excellent joke played off by the authorities and the Turkish Consul on the unsuspecting Muscovite.

There is also another matter in this affair which is worthy of consideration. Midhat Pasha is supposed to be in disgrace at the Sublime Porte. How is it that he happened to be at Marseilles at so opportune a moment, just when his appearance there was eminently calculated to confirm the rumour that the *Izzedin* had been despatched to bring him to Constantinople? Marseilles is specially a town *en passage*. Nobody goes there unless going somewhere else, except for business. The question, therefore, is whether it was Midhat Pasha's business to go there in order to confirm the report about his proceeding to Constantinople. If so, the tale of his disgrace at Constantinople is absurd. He is simply an agent of the Porte watching its interests in Europe. We have never thoroughly believed in the tale of Midhat's disgrace. Turkish Pashas when under a cloud are not banished to Paris, London, and Vienna to enjoy themselves, and do all the mischief they can to the authors of their fall. They are sent to some less cheerful spots in Asia, where they are out of harm's way, and also out of the way of doing harm. Nor do they possess large balances at the bankers, placed at their disposal by the Sublime Porte. Thus the story of the *Golos* opens up a series of questions of that category regarding which unfortunately more can be thought than said. At any rate, it must be confessed that the *Golos* has some foundation for its tale.

M. THIERS' MANIFESTO.

M. Thiers' address to the electors of his arrondissement, to which he was putting the finishing touches on the day of his death, and which rounds off his career with such ideal completeness, has already proved an immense gain to the cause of order in France. The Government have not dared to interfere with its circulation, and it has been received with unbounded enthusiasm, as such an address could scarcely fail to be, putting into admirably clear and telling shape the convictions which have been gradually maturing in the mind of the country. It is said to have "effaced" the Marshal's proclamation, and we can well believe it, for no document could be more powerfully winged, or launched upon its flight under circumstances better fitted to add to its force. When a cause is in the ascendant, every accident seems to fight for it, and it may be doubted whether M. Thiers alive could have lent such powerful aid to the Republican cause as his death has done, with the call that it has made upon the energies of his followers, and the almost sacred impressiveness given to this his last legacy, in which the deliberate conclusions of his long life's experience are proclaimed to France with the solemnity of a message from the grave.

In pleading the cause of the 363, M. Thiers had a strong case, and he develops it with the skill of a masterly advocate. With the instinct which comes of long political practice, he seems to have foreseen the line that would be taken in the Government Manifesto, and to have exerted himself to destroy its effect. The chief aim of the Marshal and his Ministers has been to throw discredit on their Republican opponents by stigmatising them as demagogues, Radicals, disturbers of public security. M. Thiers' first care is to remove any such impression. He begins by reviewing the history of the last Chamber to show how groundless is the charge of violence as applied to the proceedings of the majority. In no single point that can be named have they exposed themselves to such a charge. They cannot be accused of showing any jealousy of the army, for they rejected a proposal that the term of service should be reduced from five years to three. They cannot be accused of trying to overthrow the Church, for, in spite of the aggressive attitude of the clericals, they actually voted an increase of several hundreds of thousands of francs to the grant for State churches. Nor can they be accused of grasping at the privileges of the other Public Powers. They left the Executive perfectly free in the management of their Eastern policy, never seeking to hamper it with inconvenient questions. They allowed the Senate much more weight than the Commons allow to the Lords in England; although the control of the public purse is generally claimed by popular assemblies, they yielded to the Senate to the extent of agreeing to five out of seven amendments sent down from the Upper House on the Budget. Where could stronger proofs of moderation be found—moderation practised, too, in the face of provocation from Church, President, and Senate? As for the name Radical, M. Thiers professes himself unable to understand what is implied by this new word. Does it mean Socialist? There was a time when France did well to discuss Socialism and devise precautions against it, but there is no longer any Socialism in France; "it has removed to neigh-

bouring countries, powerful and glorious, which are preoccupied with it without making it a subject of alarm, for they know that real or affected fear serves only to render epidemics more dangerous, and they see that for moral epidemics the only efficacious remedy is time, reason, and liberty." This repudiation of Socialism as a bugbear which no longer concerns France, but has become a thorn in the side of her enemy, is a peculiarly dexterous way of reassuring the elector, at once calming his fears and flattering his patriotic pride. M. Thiers demolishes the vague charge of Radicalism with equal adroitness. "If Radicalism is used to indicate a certain conception of the Democratic spirit as brought to bear on the civil administration, on the financial *régime*, on the military organisation, on religious affairs, on the mutual relations of powers, on the intervention of the Chamber in foreign policy—a Chamber which allowed itself to meddle in these departments would certainly have to be resisted, and energetically resisted. But to call a Chamber Radical that did not even raise the discussion on the Income Tax, which maintained intact the duration of military service, which accorded support to all the forms of worship recognised by the State, and, indeed, augmented the subsidy of the Catholic form, which, despite the reprehensible conduct of certain Bishops, confined itself to a simple rebuke, while all other citizens incurred severe penalties for such conduct, which, far from permitting itself an indiscreet interference with the policy of the State, refused to question the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which, so far from not acknowedging the limits of the public powers, recognised in the Senate rights England does not accord to the House of Lords, being scrupulously forbearing towards an Upper Chamber which was not forbearing towards it—to call such a Chamber Radical! No, Messieurs les Ministres, you may say so, but you do not think so." We certainly do not think so on this side of the Channel, for an immense retrogression would have to be effected before our Representative Assembly would concede claims to which the French Chamber submits without a murmur. Radicalism in France is the most old-world and impossible Conservatism in this country.

M. Thiers' vindication of the Chamber of Deputies from the suspicion of revolutionary violence shows wonderful mastery of the art of arranging persuasive facts. And still more telling is his eloquent ridicule of the pretensions of Marshal MacMahon to be the saviour of society from revolutionary machinations. "What," he asks, "is the explanation of the present disorder? That which I have heard more than once within the last half century, 'France is perishing, is on the brink of destruction; she must be saved.' Fatal word, the forerunner of all the blunders of Governments falling into insanity before falling into ruin. Alas! if the word were true, how often already would France have perished! As often as she has been troubled, as often as she has suffered, she has not perished; but they have perished who pretended a desire to save her. They have been able to drag her down with them into the abyss, but she has been raised up again by those honourable men who, after having vainly tried to drag her back from the peril upon which she was precipitated, were none the less active in working for her extrication. And while on that subject, I beseech all true Conservatives, honourable men whom I do not confound with the pretended Conservatives who to-day usurp that name, I beseech them to recollect all the occasions on which the cry has been heard, 'France is perishing; save her; and, in order to save her, resist, resist.' Resistance was offered, and what happened under Charles X., under Louis Philippe, under Napoleon III.? The cry was raised—Resist. What did the people demand under Charles X.? That it should be recognised that the King had no power without the Chamber—that is, without the country. He resisted in the famous Ordonnances. France did not perish; it was the sovereignty of Charles X. that perished, and parliamentary principles were for the time consecrated by the Charter of 1830. France suffered, without doubt, but she speedily recovered, and her prosperity seemed destined to be lasting. But unfortunately one point had been neglected. The electoral census was too restricted. Two hundred thousand electors represented thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen. The anomaly struck everybody, and it was said that 200,000 citizens could not pretend to be the whole of France. A modest reform was demanded, which would have given 30,000 or 40,000 electors more. Immediately the cry was renewed: 'France will perish if we do not resist the revolution which is dragging her down.' They did resist; the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and we had universal suffrage—that is, eight or nine millions of electors. France, meanwhile, did not perish. Constitutional monarchy, which might have given us wise and safe liberty, perished; and France, after having suffered, for every revolution causes suffering, France raised her head again, during three years of agitation, which conducted her to Napoleon III. He also did not hesitate, in order to save France, to deprive her of all her liberties. The Imperial Constitution of 1804 was re-established; with more of the Press, more of Parliamentary discussion, every year five days of budget and then silence. The Emperor alone governed; the Emperor alone! All liberties were in his hands, but in spite of him his hands were opened one day and all the liberties escaped. They might have been checked, perhaps, but the cry was raised, 'France will perish,' and he instinctively sought in war a refuge against reviving liberties. This time France narrowly missed perishing. She was dismembered; she was obliged to abandon to a victorious enemy an enormous part of her wealth. Still, she was saved; and after having endeavoured to reconstruct absolute monarchy, she has established the Republic. France has not perished; but three *régimes* have perished, and France has been cruelly tried in arriving by three steps at the modern democratic form."

It is no wonder that this brilliant and trenchant writing, coming after the dull, exaggerated periods of the Marshal's Manifesto, should have an electric effect. Long though M. Thiers' address is, it hits too hard and decisively to tire the reader. The retrospect of events between the fall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republican Constitution, which he interpolates between his vindication of the Radicals and his attack on the new Saviour of Society, is a very lively piece of writing, bristling with shrewd thrusts at the various enemies of the Republic. He wanted, he said, when he resigned the Presidency in 1873, although it was quite within his rights to remain, to give the various monarchical sections—Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists—a fair chance to do their best to put the constitution upon a monarchical basis. For his own part, he was convinced that no solid basis could be founed save in a Republic, but he wished to give them every opportunity. He wished to afford the country an experimental demonstration of the impossibility of a Monarchy. The several factions did their utmost and failed. "In contempt of law and propriety, the crown of France was hawked all over Europe by men without a commission, and after all these efforts, of which the world was witness, it had to be confessed that the Monarchy could not be established . . . . . Hence the question of May 16 may be summed up—Is the Republic desirable, and, if so, must it be securely constituted with men who wish to make it succeed?—that is the whole question. I ask every man of honest convictions, whatever party he may belong to, if the Comte de Chambord could at present be raised to the Throne with the opinions he professes and the flag in which he envelops himself, or if it is hoped to receive him some day when he has modified his manner of thinking. We respect him too much to believe so. I shall not speak of the Orleans Princes, who wish only to be mentioned after the Comte de Chambord; but I will ask if the Prince Imperial, who, innocent as he is of the misfortunes of France, recalls them so vividly to her that she still shrinks from him, could now be presented to France? Nobody would venture to say 'Yes,' and, in fact, all the friends of these Pre-

tenders look to a future time when they may act for them, and that this is the case is proved by the fact that they attempt nothing, notwithstanding the indulgence assured to all the Monarchical Parties. And till that future time, more or less protracted, what will France do? France will wait till her future masters are ready, till one has been converted to other ideas, till another has advanced in the line of succession, till a third has finished his education, and meanwhile commerce, industry, finance, State policy, will be held in suspense." How admirably calculated to expose the hopelessness of Monarchy in France, and to enlist on the side of the Republic the self-interest as well as the patriotic pride of the electors! Apart from the prestige of M. Thiers' name, there were few men in Europe who could have drawn up so perfect an electioneering address, and there probably never was a public document likely to exercise a more powerful influence upon the destinies of a nation.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S TOUR.

The welcome with which the Americans are everywhere greeting their President offers a striking contrast to the "mute insurrection" which Marshal MacMahon has encountered in his progress through France. The reason is as obvious as the fact. The French Chief Magistrate represents only the Marshalate: the American, the vast majority—that is, notwithstanding the disgraces of the railway strikes, the intelligent, the honest, the peace-loving, and really progressive sections—of the people. In the New England States, at Louisville, at Atalanta, at every station along the President's route, Republicans and Democrats have signified their hearty and even enthusiastic approval of the policy of "union, conciliation, and obedience to the Constitution." Even the anger of the southern Press against Mr. Key appears to have been due, not to the mere fact of the Secretary's allusions to the "erring South" and the "magnanimous North," but rather to their frequency. His nickname of "Uriah Heep" is perhaps only another transient fit of impatience with a too humbly repentant democrat. In one or two instances also, the President himself has been taunted with insinuations against the legality of his election. But these may be chiefly regarded as the harmless revenge of the mischievous class of professional politicians, who consider themselves to have been cheated of the usual spoils of office in consequence of the President's innovations. It may even be possible that many who have joined in the demonstrations in favour of Mr. Hayes entertain doubts as to the strict fairness of the means by which his return was secured; but there can be now no doubt that his policy of self-government in the South, and of Civil Service reform, has given expression to the better aspirations of the American people.

The examples of Arkansas and Georgia might have convinced even a bitter anti-Southerner like Mr. Wendell Phillips that the policy of confidence in Southern good sense and honour was the shrewdest, as well as boldest and most generous. President Grant's release of Georgia, in 1872, was instantly followed by a thorough and peaceful reform in every department of the State. Its finances, with which the "carpet-bag" government had been playing fast and loose ever since the end of the Civil War, were put upon a sound footing. Crime speedily became rarer. Even negro education began to make way. The restoration to Arkansas of self-government, in 1874, was equally successful. Mr. Hayes's withdrawal of the Federal troops from Louisiana and South Carolina has not been attended by the "blood and famine" of the Northern prophecy. Under Governor Hampton the finances of the latter State have been rapidly recovering from the effects of the bribery and the forgery, the waste and the mal-appropriation, in which his predecessors indulged to an extent unsurpassed even in a country where official corruption is more shameless and undisguised than among any other nation in the world. Under Mr. Chamberlain, the State's debt was immensely increased, and her securities were depreciated to a corresponding degree. During his successor's hitherto brief tenure of office there has been a revival of State credit, similar to that which was experienced in the neighbouring State of Georgia in 1872. In brief, the democratic governments of the South appear to be animated by the self-same spirit of conciliation which characterises the courageous policy of the President. It is really difficult to discover any essential resemblance between the democratic leaders of the present day and those of the pre-secessionist era. The "carpet-baggers," in spite of their "man and brother" professions, were the worst possible friends of the negroes. They had even a lively interest in maintaining the inferior race in a state of permanent ignorance and pupilage. In Georgia, the "Carpet-baggers" plundered the elementary schools fund. Under the new government this disgraceful abuse was not only summarily stopped, but negro education has made so rapid an advance that the number of negro children now in the schools may probably be estimated at a dozen-fold what it was four or five years ago. One can thus easily understand the extraordinary scene of enthusiasm which was witnessed when the Democratic governor of South Carolina appeared on the same platform with the Republican President of the Union, before the vast assemblage at Louisville. If there was some rhetorical exaggeration, there was also a solid basis of truth, in Mr. Evarts's assertion on that occasion, that the new policy had "obliterated" the last traces of the old, bitter antagonism between North and South.

But the chief significance of the Presidential tour lies in the fact that it is an appeal to the American nation, as against the "politicians." And it is but reasonable to hope that the "warm approval" elicited by his conciliation programme also awaits whatever efforts he may put forth in the direction of Civil Service reform. The battle against abuses in general is half won as soon as the national indignation is aroused against any abuse in particular. Here, however, we are confronted with the plausible, but really shallow, objection which the "politicians" have sneeringly levelled at the Presidential "stump," as they call it. They taunt him with having been the first to violate the June regulations, prohibiting all officers of the Administration from taking part in "election campaigns" or political "canvassing" of any sort. Not only does Mr. Hayes "stump" the Union to "regulate his party," but he actually carries about with him four State Secretaries—exclusive of Mrs. Hayes, who is facetiously described as the leading member of his Cabinet—and has the audacity to make them sharers in his offence. But where is the offence in the particular mode of "regulating" which Mr. Hayes has adopted? Sir Stafford Northcote, or Lord Beaconsfield, may "stump" England, and "regulate" their party, exactly as the President has been doing, and yet without the slightest risk of violating anyone's notions about official propriety. Of course, if either of these eminent politicians took to managing a Tory *caucus*, or employed touts to "stuff," as the Americans would put it, the ballot-boxes, even the reverential *Standard* might be moved to wrath against so scandalous a proceeding. In spite of the diversity of political circumstances in the two countries, the cases are exactly parallel. The President and his Cabinet ought to be at full liberty to "regulate" their party, so long as the regulating did not transgress the limits which would be justly allowable in the case, say, of a British Minister, or any member of Marshal MacMahon's administration. But, as we have said, Mr. Hayes has been "regulating" not only his party, but the nation, and the *Times*' telegraphic news of last Thursday bears very gratifying testimony to the success of the enterprise. Still more plausible is the argument that the "spoils' system," which it is a main object with the President to supersede, is too closely interwoven with American institutions to be much affected by schemes of Civil Service reform. English

critics sometimes reason as if the idea of a "non-partisan Civil Service" owed its present revival to Mr. Hayes; whereas the fact is that the President has exhibited no more originality on this point than he already has with regard to democratic self-government. The abuses of the Civil Service system have long been the subject of official reports and of vigorous denunciation by the American press from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the course of a recent speech at Harvard University, Mr. Secretary Schurz simply expressed the heartfelt sentiment of the nation when he declared that the time had come for "the disestablishment of the Machine in party politics." In spite, therefore, of what the "politicians," and the cynical—or the merely timid—sceptics allege as to the futility of the President's good intentions, it is evident that the ground has been already prepared for his reforming operations. The most trustworthy critics on either side of the Atlantic agree in the opinion that, as regards the reform of the Civil Service, the bulk of the nation would enthusiastically support Mr. Hayes. A shrewd observer and manager like the President may therefore be fairly counted upon to take advantage of the now full tide of his popularity to make a fearless effort for the suppression of those abuses which have been the ruin and the disgrace of American political life, ever since the day, when, forty years ago, President Jackson made the offices of the Civil Service the "spoils" of his electioneering supporters. More problematical is the President's future policy as regards resumption of specie payments, and the question which now threatens to overshadow almost every other political question in the United States, viz., the labour question. But there is one fact which even the most careless student of American politics can scarcely have overlooked, and that is the generally moderate and loyal tone of the addresses issued by the industrial leaders in the Union, and by the managers of the already powerful "Working-men's Party." Nor is it by any means certain that the two rival parties will everywhere try to out-do each other in their bids for the labour vote. On one side Judge West has received from Washington a summary snubbing for his acceptance of the more violent "planks" in the labour platform. On the other, Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for the Ohio governorship, vigorously denounces State interference in matters which, as in England, may be left for mutual arrangement between labour and capital.

At all events, Mr. Hayes's reign promises to be one of the most eventful since the days of George Washington; and if we may judge from the history of the tour now ended, and the tendencies of American opinion, the new President will have himself to blame if he fails in quickening political life in the Union with a new spirit of purity and patriotism.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE *TELEGRAPH*.

"When you make a statement which has no foundation, except in your own inner consciousness, stick to it. You want only courage to carry you through. You can only be contradicted, and you can always return the contradiction. Even if the proof against you is complete, if you only keep on repeating in most positive terms that you are right, the general public will lose interest in the controversy long before it is terminated, and a year afterwards will have forgotten everything except that there was a controversy." Some such principle will be found laid down in the forthcoming autobiography of an eminent statesman, who is generally said to be the most popular man in England. We have always been struck with the numerous points of resemblance between this statesman and that one of our journals which claims to have the largest circulation in the world, but we had no idea till this week that it had adopted so completely one of his cardinal principles. The *Daily Telegraph* has, indeed, long been distinguished for the daring of its statements about things and persons at a distance, in Paris, or the Khivan Steppes, or Bulgaria, or the Potteries. A decided attitude about the taking of a redoubt, or the number of killed and wounded in a battle, is not so difficult to maintain without losing credit. Then the *Telegraph* has discovered the important truth that the mass of people read newspapers, not to learn facts, but partly to be amused, and partly to have the pleasure of reading what they wish to be true. The only solid foundation for a statement lies in the prejudices of those who read it. Apparently the large increase in the circulation of the *Telegraph* since the beginning of the war has confirmed it in this opinion. Its readers wished the Russians to be slain, and they have been slain in its columns with most pitiless and wholesale slaughter. The armies of the Sultan have slain their thousands, but the *Telegraph* has slain its tens of thousands; its readers are happy, and its circulation has gone up. But the appetite for pleasing information seems to have grown by what it fed on. The *Telegraph* having stuffed the eager stomachs of its readers with slain Russians, has proceeded to crown the banquet with other palatable dainties. From making rash statements about distant scenes, the *Telegraph* has taken to making rash statements about persons living in our midst, and, strong in the corroborative evidence of its 250,000 subscribers, refuses to give them more than a technical withdrawal.

The time was when nothing was too good to be said about the People's William. But that time has gone by; the People's William is in disgrace, and nothing is too bad to be believed of him. About a month ago the *Telegraph* published a statement from its Special Correspondent at Constantinople, declaring that Mr. Gladstone had been inciting the Greeks to go to war against Turkey. The statement was most circumstantial. Mr. Gladstone's advice was contained in a letter to a Greek merchant in Constantinople. The letter had been sent about two months before, that is, about three months ago, when the Russians were crossing the Danube. There could be no doubt about it, for the letter had been shown to all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, who were greatly indignant that Mr. Gladstone should have done such a thing. To make the statement all the more authentic in its appearance, it was added that Mr. Gladstone had sent a second letter, more curtly written, to the same effect, as if he were impatient at his advice not being instantly complied with. No statement could have been more realistically circumstantial; it was at once taken up by Mr. Gladstone's numerous opponents in the Press; and he was severely lectured for his indiscretion, of which he was supposed to have given a culminating proof. Belief in the statement was confirmed by Mr. Gladstone's reticence, and was hardly shaken by the indignant denial of Mr. Negropontis, the Greek merchant to whom the letter was said to have been addressed. It was thought that there might have been some other Greek merchant whom Mr. Gladstone had made the recipient of his fiery counsels. At last, however, Mr. Gladstone has spoken, accounting for his previous silence by saying that, supposing the *Telegraph* to have been hoaxed by some of the numerous forgers, who, whether for amusement or more discreditable purposes, have of late been counterfeiting letters in his name, he had been trying to induce the *Telegraph* to make an inquiry, and find out whether their correspondent's mistake could be traced to such an origin. Apparently, the *Telegraph* has either refused to inquire, or has refused to communicate to its disgraced favourite the results of its inquiries, and Mr. Gladstone has been obliged to content himself with publishing a counter-statement. Not one of the assertions in the correspondent's statement has the least foundation. "First," Mr. Gladstone says, "I wrote to Mr. Negropontis, not gratuitously, but in answer to an earnest appeal from him, written, if my memory serves me right, either with the authority or on the behalf of others. Secondly, I wrote not about 'two months' before, and during a state of war, but more than six months before, when the Conference was sitting at Constantinople, when we all contemplated as well as desired a peaceful solution, and when a recommendation of war from a private person

would have been even more absurd than mischievous. Thirdly, the letter has not the smallest reference to any question of war, contains no expression capable of being tortured into such a meeting, and speaks only of sympathy and moral support, as that which Greek ought to lend to Slav and Slav to Greek. During these four weeks, while I have been silent the public have been egregiously taken in; and there has been what I once heard Lord Russell call 'a waste of much good indignation.'" Meeting the *Telegraph* with a courage equal to its own, Mr. Gladstone actually has the hardihood to print a copy of his letter to Mr. Negropontis. He has no recollection of having written any second letter.

Mr. Gladstone offered the *Telegraph* two ways of escape from its difficulty. He suggested, in the first place, that the alleged letters might be the work of a forger; and, in the second, that the correspondent might have been duped by "some Polonius behind the curtain." But the *Telegraph* is much too brave to back out by either of these loopholes. It presents to its 250,000 subscribers the spectacle of an undaunted front. Its reply is really masterly. As soon as it received Mr. Gladstone's denial, it telegraphed to its correspondent that he must do one of three things: "either substantiate the character ascribed to the letters by producing the same, or name the authority which had so characterised them, or tender the inevitable *amende*." But the upshot shows how much more ingenious the correspondent is than his guileless employers, for he has done none of these three things; he has neither produced the letters, nor named his authority, nor made the *amende*. He explains that immediately after telegraphing the important news about Mr. Gladstone he left Constantinople. He was shut up in Plevna, and could not return till Friday last. As soon as he returned he endeavoured to get the letters, that is, the letters containing Mr. Gladstone's advice to the Greeks to go to war, from Mr. Negropontis. In that endeavour he failed; Mr. Negropontis "withheld" them, doubtless for a very good reason. At home, the *Telegraph* has been baulked in a similar manner; Mr. Gladstone possesses no copies of any such letters, cannot even remember that he wrote them. Failing to obtain the letters from Mr. Negropontis, the correspondent had another course left, to name the high authorities who told him they had seen the letters. But, unhappily, "those who have seen the correspondence and spoken of its purport, now place under the seal of confidence what they had stated to him." Polonius declines to come out from behind the curtain. In these circumstances, the *Telegraph* had thought that its correspondent had but one remaining course, "to make the *amende*." But instead of making the *amende* himself, he has persuaded the *Telegraph* to do it for him, and it has penned an *amende*, which reiterates his original statement in a manner which must give great satisfaction to its numerous readers. "There remains," this courageous *amende* runs, "but one course open to our Representative in this position, and he accepts it frankly, by withdrawing the statement which circumstances oblige him to leave unproven by documents, and which honour forbids him to substantiate by personal testimony. Failing a direction from Mr. Gladstone himself to Mr. Negropontis for the publication of the entire correspondence, this appears to him the sole and proper step to take; and he has taken it in his telegraphic reply to our messages. In this part of the matter also we perceive, on our Representative's behalf, nothing to add and nothing to be complained of. Having thus dealt with the personal considerations in this controversy, it would be easy to designate certain unsatisfactory points in Mr. Gladstone's present letter; and to do our Representative that justice which he denies to himself, by citing other printed statements, and by dwelling on the unfortunately imperfect condition of the facts which appears to leave this question far from being abruptly closed to the disparagement of our Representative's good faith. But we avoid prolonging the discussion or diminishing the completeness of that satisfaction which, under the peculiar aspects of the affair, Mr. Gladstone has a technical right to ask. We, therefore, leave the subject to public judgment with these frank explanations." This is out-Kenealying Kenealy.

THE COST OF A LEG OF MUTTON.

We have all heard often enough to be able to say it of ourselves when we are having dessert in the country that the gentleman rich enough to grow peaches pays a shilling for each individual peach on his trees. There is an impressiveness in this way of quoting the cost of production which moves us as it is given to no wholesale arithmetic to do, not even if it goes up to millions and makes its precision exquisite with decimal points: the hearer thinks of a definite peach, of a definite shilling, his roused imagination presents him with all the sensations of exchanging the one for the other, and, whatever may be his relative regard for shillings and for peaches, the conception in his mind of the expensiveness of peach-growing is distinct and indelible. How would it be if a similar calculation were applied to that most thrifty of plain joints, the leg of mutton, as it appears on the table of the gentleman of limited income? "Each leg of mutton that comes to my table costs me three guineas," the host might say, with a mixture of pride and regret, and, when his visitors had recovered the shock, he would explain the calculation, and prove that his estimate was not too high but too low for the fact. For does not his leg of mutton require him to pay and board one woman at high wages, who shall give her whole time and energies to it, and to supply her with another woman, at lower wages, more or less entirely devoted to her service? Does it not require him to spend the keep of a poor man's family on his kitchen fire? Does it not increase his rent by compelling him to provide it with at least a couple of kitchens and a larder for its personal uses, besides of course the bedrooms of its special attendants? Then there is the footman or the parlourmaid engaged chiefly on its account, there is—but it would take too long to particularise the household corollaries, animate and inanimate, of that time-honoured symbol of family bliss, the unpretending leg of mutton.

And if the cost were only in money, the householder might yet be content, even although his leg of mutton makes greater demands on his purse year by year, and he finds the mere necessaries of his establishment swallow up that marginal portion of his income which should purchase for himself, and his wife and children, the pleasures and little luxuries of their station, and the means of indulging cultivated tastes. But the relations between servants and their employers are on the servants' side almost hostile, on the employers' side uneasy with disappointment and mistrust. The whole domestic system appears to be out of joint. And, whatever the causes of the present uncomfortable state of things may be—causes into which the scope of this paper does not admit of an inquiry—they are not simply, as depicted by the suave ignorance and catchpenny philanthropy of irresponsible advisers of the public writing of household life from the distant calm of their hotels or their lodgings, the despotism or the callous neglect of the employers; nor can they be removed by any amount of consideration and indulgence or any effort of organising and disciplining ability. The conditions and duties of household service are not to the mind of household servants of the present day, and cannot be made so without some such complete change in our domestic and social institutions and customs as is not possible in one generation, and, above all, not possible in this generation of household servants. In the meanwhile, the servant of the nineteenth century is a sort of Frankenstein production, revenging itself on the society which has created it. Our wives are the first victims. The hapless mistress of the house is worn and wearied with unavailing cares. She has more servants than she can afford, but they are for each other's convenience, not for her's; and the chief purpose of her life as wife and mother is to provide for

their requirements and limit their expenditure. She thought to have been her husband's companion, her children's instructress and playfellow; but she is an appendage of the leg of mutton. It gives her no respite; it frets away her good looks, her health, and, woe worth the day, her temper. If she is a true gentlewoman she feels that no work for her home, not even the lowliest of the duties her servants leave undone as beneath them, can be degrading to her if it is well that she should do it: but the kind of sordid contest in which she is perforce engaged does degrade her, and she feels it. And its deteriorating effect on her character is all the surer because she feels it.

But Paterfamilias is beginning to reflect that he does not get anything like a return for his expenditure on his housekeeping. He perceives that increased outlay does not increase the personal comfort of himself and his wife and children, and that he is in fact keeping an establishment for his servants. Not only he is spending far too much for the results, but he is likely to spend more, for prices are rising and wages are rising, it takes more servants to do less work, and servants at all are becoming scarce relatively to the demand. It is time for him to do something; but what? Social philosophers tell him of co-operation. Some of the philosophers, being of a second-hand turn of mind, do not exactly know what they mean, and the thing that most of the others mean is not co-operation at all; however that matters little, they offer him escape. "Come," say the syrens, "come and co-operate, amalgamate the kitchen fires, divide the legs of mutton. Come and co-operate, and sixpence shall be sixpence and a guinea a guinea, and your meals shall be seasoned with contentment, and your soul shall be free of the cook. Resting on your sofa, irresponsible for its dusting, you shall smile to think of life that knows no troublous change or fear, no unavailing bitter strife that ere its time brings trouble near." Only, if he will go to the syrens and learn their "new wisdom," he must give up his separate outer walls, his individual backyard, his kitchen area apart from the world. No more will he have his flight of four doorsteps all to himself, no more will the slates of his roof cover his family alone.

Just so, say his friends, the modern Joshuas who, if they do not exactly succeed in making the sun and moon stand still, resolve at the least to stand still themselves in hopes that it will come to the same thing, just so, he must give up Home—Home as understood in that most domesticated and useful-companionable of lyrics, that 'Rule Britannia,' of the British fireside, the guileless lay of the guileless bard who, as is well known, cared nothing for pleasures and palaces and found his modest joys in Home, sweet Home. Home, they argue, is, like most of the virtues and all the respectabilities, a peculiar possession and privilege of the Briton. It is an institution envied us by all foreigners, but understood by none. Without it manly virtues, feminine graces, conjugal trust, family affection, Christmas puddings, cannot exist. And it cannot exist without a separate front door on the street.

And indeed to give up home would be too great a sacrifice to be repaid by any amount of comfort and freedom from cares, if by home is meant room and privacy for family intercourse and the intimate sympathies of close relationships, for independence of the outside world and the power of being alone, for the indulgence of individual tastes and the enjoyment of pursuits in common. But home is where *we* are, where husbands and wives, parents and children, live their lives together. House and home must surely cease to be synonymous in days when houses are built not to last one ordinary lifetime and railway extension and the growth of suburbs proceed at such a rate that the cottage near a wood which saw the birth of your firstborn may have disappeared in a cutting or an Albert Terrace, while your youngest is still wearing the family christening frock. We cannot form a strong attachment to walls which will not last and premises which are always going wrong in their drains. The old house which held the history of the family in its bricks and mortar, which saw the children come back to it old men, might well get so identified with the idea of home that it, in its material existence, and not those living within it, should be the picture the word would first summon up. But why, apart from such associations, should one sort of receptacle for our furniture and ourselves be more sacred and domestic than another? Why must home be a separate compartment of a street? Why may home not be horizontal as well as vertical?

If domestic life cannot be made enjoyable without the sacrifice of that appearance of isolation which to many people represents the possession of a home, it would surely be wise to yield the appearance for the reality, to seem to have no home for the sake of having a true one—that is a place for home happiness and rest. If by any departure from the system to which English family life used to owe its comfort the comfort can be continued or restored, we had better depart from the system and achieve its former results. And if expenditure of money, of time, and of health, on the mere brute necessaries of existence can by any method of co-operative supply be lessened without loss of those necessaries and with gain of higher enjoyments, will our leg of mutton taste the worse?

But, supposing Paterfamilias resolved to break like Gulliver from the countless Lilliputian bonds that are oppressing his cramped limbs, resolved to free himself and co-operate, all is not said. Of that more anon.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

Visitors in country houses, where the squire is not of a literary turn and in which the library chiefly consists of old 'Annual Registers' and Encyclopædias long out of date, may sometimes find on the shelves an excellent book of travels or a good novel of a past generation which seem strangely out of keeping with their surroundings. The current literature of the day—or rather the least valuable part of it—with the stamp of some one or other of half-a-dozen well-known circulating libraries, lies on the various tables, but the bookcases rarely receive any additions now; these ceased some twenty years ago.

The reason is not far to seek. Those were the days of county book-clubs—a form of association which encouraged wholesome literature, and was not without its decided social advantages. Some twelve to thirty families, residing within a moderate distance of each other, and represented by a secretary—generally some country parson, who liked the harmless pre-eminence into which it brought him—ordered each new work of sterling merit direct from the booksellers. In some of these clubs whoever originally recommended each work was bound to buy it at a certain small proportion of its price after it had made the round of the society, or else the books were sold by auction at the end of the society's year. The auction was generally the occasion of a friendly dinner or a dance, which went far to reconcile the younger portion of the community to the somewhat heavy character of the knowledge they had been expected to digest. Thus, then, it happened that many country libraries were enriched in the manner of which we have already spoken. On literature this plan had a twofold effect—in both instances good.

There were in England some 1,200 of these book societies, and any work of real merit was almost sure to be ordered by the greater number of them. Such a work was thus almost sure of selling within the first six months of its publication a sufficient number, not only to cover the cost of production, but to leave a considerable margin of profit for author and publisher. Many books, expensive to produce, were yet taken up with confidence by the publishers, because there was a certain sale for any work of sterling literary merit. The second effect was that trash was largely excluded. A lady who perhaps might not object to reading a novel of doubtful reputation if it came to her direct, and with-

out observation, yet shrank from ordering it into a society through which it must run the gauntlet of all her acquaintances, while the somewhat grave dons who were the managers of the society were keen to mark any shortcomings in the literary quality of the books ordered by them.

There came a change. Some power, whether good or evil, put it into the heart of some of his children to conceive the possibility of circulating libraries on so enormous a scale as to render all these various county agencies totally needless. A great centralisation was to stand in the place of this departmental activity, and cultivated librarians, sitting close to the very fountains of pure literature, were to direct the stream into proper channels, so that no part of the land should be left unfertilised. The country societies were not to be destroyed, but rather to be placed in close communication with these central bodies, and only the miserable circulating libraries of our small towns were to be extinguished, which consisted chiefly of dogs'-eared copies of 'The Monk' and 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' smelling strongly of bread-and-butter, and with stale crumbs worked into the binding.

This was all very pretty in theory. Those who fell readily into the plan did not realise certain dangers; they were not far-sighted enough to suppose there would arise libraries whose managers should be afflicted with strong orthodox, but few moral, and no literary, scruples; and that therefore these people should order as few copies as possible of works like 'Essays and Reviews,' or Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' and as many copies as possible of cheap, to them, and nasty fiction. They did not suppose that having the boxes in which their books are sent out made of one particular size, these librarians should do all that possibly could be done to burke books of any other size, so that the quarto—prettiest of all shapes for some kinds of literature—should have almost disappeared. They did not suppose it would be far more profitable to buy and circulate a worthless three-volume novel than a standard work; or that the need of a number of volumes rather than of books should almost extinguish tales in one volume, and cause a serious dilution both of matter and of print. They did not remember that a very large number of idle or ignorant readers would practically leave to their librarian the choice of the works he should send them, so that, except in cases where the subscriber is at once aggressive and persistent, the library box when opened would be found to contain three novels, nine volumes in all, with an *Edinburgh Review* six months old thrown in as make-weight. But all this has come to pass. The county book-clubs are, for the most part, dead. Less than 100 take the place of the 1,200 of a few years since. The managers of the libraries consider carefully with how few copies they can possibly stave off the demands of their customers; and from their own business point of view they are of course perfectly right.

The effect of this upon literature is obvious. Not a month passes but some really valuable work is refused by publisher after publisher, because there does not appear to him a sufficient *clientèle* for it, while the enterprising person who at last speculates in it burns his fingers, and the author gets far too little for his time, his labour, and his literary merits.

It will thus be seen that two classes of people are injuriously affected—first, the writers of books, who have a strong temptation placed in their way to write for immediate and flashy, rather than solid and increasing, fame; and who cannot obtain a fair price for a work, of which, in very many instances, 300 to 400 take the place of 1,000 which formerly were bought by the old book-clubs. The other class whom it affects are the fathers and mothers of families, and these have a remedy in their power. It lies with themselves to revive, with possibly altered machinery, the old book societies, and to order directly from the booksellers, as of old, the books that they wish to read, and that their daughters should read. This would, at one blow, extinguish a vast number of inferior novels, the circulation of which is absolutely restricted to the central London libraries and their dependents in the towns.

The economic question was, of course, at the root of the change, nor can it be denied that at the time the deathblow was given to the great book-clubs they were much more expensive than the new system. It must, however, be remembered that works of real value obtained a permanent position and were read again and again in houses where now nothing appears but the ephemeral literature of the day. While of course a largely increased demand would very soon lower the price at which books can be sold, it is even now probable that any society desiring to return to the old system would be able to make such terms for the works they may require as scarcely if at all to feel that the reaction entailed a burdensome expenditure.

POETRY.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

FROM THE DUTCH OF C. VOSMAER.

With his hand in his beard
Sat the lonely Jahveh
And stroked his beard,
His eternally-grey old-Testamentary beard;
And the Eternal One would have died, if he could,
Of weariness, for the Sabbath-day
Had come, and he might not—
See Deuteronomy fifth and verse fourteen—
Work on the Sabbath.

Beside his feet, and leaning on his footstool
The earth, was crouched the Fool of Heaven, Satan.
He had exhausted all his quips
And all his cranks,
And even he himself was devilish weary.
Then said to him Jahveh: "Art thou weary,
Like all the angels,
Whose spiritless, virtuous, long-drawn countenances,
And tasteless hallelujahs,
Are fit to make me long for something sinful?
Amuse me, rascal,
Or . . . if thou'rt so proper,
By my own self, thou shalt be made an angel."

At that the god of mockery shrieked
And said to his master:
"Lend me thy footstool, the earth,
And I will juggle before thee."
"Thou may'st," said Jahveh,
"So that thou swear thou wilt not let it fall,
And give it honourably back."
Then Satan took the earth and juggled featly
With sleight-of-hand, diabolically nimble.
Up his right arm the earth-ball spun and clambered,
Ran round his neck and trembled down his left arm,
And he tossed it into the air,
Spun it whizzing,
Threw it beneath him,
Turned a somersault,
And stopped it equipoised above its start-point.
And Jahveh laughed, until the evening came
And the Sabbath was over.
Honourably Satan gave the earth back,
But since that day, alas!
All over it are visible the marks,
Stained by his dirty fingers.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLLAPSE.

Lord Willowby had heard of the arrival of his son-in-law at The Lilacs; and on the following morning he drove over to see if he were still there. He found Balfour alone; Mr. Bolitho having gone up to town by an early train.

"What a lucky chance!" said Lord Willowby, with one of his sudden and galvanic smiles. "If you have nothing better to do, why not go on with me to The Hollow; you know this is the first day of the sale there."

"Well, yes, I will go over with you for an hour or so; I need not be up in town before the afternoon," answered Balfour. "And I should like to see how that fellow lived."

He certainly did not propose to himself to buy any second-hand chairs, books, or candlesticks at this sale; nor did he imagine that his father-in-law had much superfluous cash to dispose of in that way. But he had some curiosity to see what sort of house this was that had had lately for its occupant a person who had given rise to a good deal of gossip in that neighbourhood. He was a man who had suddenly inherited a large fortune; and who had set to work to spend it lavishly. His reputation and habits being a trifle "off colour," as the phrase is, he had fallen back for companionship on a number of parasitical persons, who doubtless earned a liberal commission on the foolish purchases they induced him to make. Then this Surrey Sardanapalus, having surrounded himself with all the sham gorgeousness he could think of, proceeded to put an end to himself by means of brandy-and-soda. He effected his purpose in a short time; and that is all that need here be said of him.

It was a pitiable sight enough—this great, castellated, be-plastered, ostentatious house, that had a certain gloom and isolation about it, handed over to the occupancy of a cheerfully inquisitive crowd, who showed no hesitation at all in fingering over the dead man's trinkets, and opening his desks and cabinets. His very clothes were hanging up there, in a ghastly row, each article numbered off as a lot. In the room in which he had but recently died, a fine, tall, fresh-coloured farmer—dressed for the occasion in broadcloth—was discussing with his wife what price the bedstead would probably fetch. And there was a bar; with sherry and sandwiches. And on the lawn outside, the auctioneer had put up his tent; and the flag erected over the tent was of the gayest colours.

Lord Willowby and Balfour strolled through these rooms, both forbearing to say what they thought of all this tawdry magnificence—panellings of blue silk and silver, with a carpet of pink roses on a green ground—candelabra, costing 1,800*l.*, the auctioneer's reserve price on which was 300*l.*—improvised ancestors, at a guinea a head, looking out of gorgeous frames—and so forth, and so forth. They glanced at the catalogue occasionally. It was an imposing volume; and the descriptions of the contents of the house were almost poetical.

"Look at the wines," said Lord Willowby, with a compassionate smile. "The claret is nearly all Lafitte. I suppose those toadies of his have supplied him with a *vin ordinaire* at 120 shillings a dozen."

"I should not be surprised if a lot of these spurious things sold for more than he gave for them," Balfour said. "You will find people imagining everything to be fine because a rich man bought it. That claret would fetch a high price, depend on it, if it was all labelled 'Château Wandsworth.'"

Then there was the ringing of a bell; and the people began to stream out of the house into the marquee; and the auctioneer had an improvised rostrum put up for himself at the end of the long table; and then the bare-armed men began to carry out the various articles to be bid for. It was soon very evident that prices were running high. No doubt the farmers about would be proud to show to their friends a despatch-box, a birdcage, a hall-table—anything that had belonged to the owner of The Hollow. And so the ostentatious trash, that even Tottenham Court Road would have been ashamed of, was carried piecemeal out into the light of the day; and in some instances these simple folk considered it to be so beautiful that a murmur of admiration ran round the tent when the things were brought in. It was altogether a melancholy sight.

Balfour had accompanied Lord Willowby solely from the fact of his having an idle forenoon to dispose of; but he could not quite make out what his father-in-law's purpose was in coming here. For one thing, he appeared to be quite indifferent about the sale itself. He had listened to one or two of the biddings; and then—saying that the prices were ridiculously high—had proposed a further stroll through the rooms. So they entered the house again; and had another look at the old masters (dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century) and at the trumpery gilt and satin.

"Ah, well, Balfour," said Lord Willowby, with a pensive air, "one can almost pity that poor fellow, having his house overhauled by strangers in this way. Fortunately he knows nothing about it. It must be much worse when you are alive and know what is going on; and I fancy—well, perhaps, there is no use speaking of it—but I suppose I must go through it. What distresses me most is the thought of these merry people who are here to-day going through my daughter's room—and pulling about her few little treasures that she did not take with her when she married——"

Lord Willowby stopped; doubtless overcome by emotion. But Balfour—with a face that had flushed at this sudden mention of Lady Sylvia—turned to him with a stare of surprise.

"What do you mean, Lord Willowby?"

"Well," said his lordship, with a resigned air, "I suppose I must come to this, too. I don't see how I can hold on at the Hall any longer—I am wearing my life out with anxiety——"

"You don't mean to say you mean to sell Willowby Hall?"

"How can I help it? And even then I don't know whether I shall clear the mortgages——"

"Come," said Balfour, for there were several of the auctioneer's men about, "let us go out into the garden, and have a talk about this business."

They went out. It did not occur to Balfour why Lord Willowby had been so anxious for him to come to this sale; nor did he consider how skilfully that brief allusion to Lady Sylvia's room in her old home had been brought in. He was really alarmed by this proposal. He knew the grief it would occasion to his wife; he knew, too, that in the opinion of the world this public humiliation would in a measure reflect on himself. He remonstrated severely with Lord Willowby. What good could be gained by this step? If he could not afford to live at the Hall, why not let it for a term of years, and go up to London to live, or—if the shooting of rabbits was a necessity—to some smaller place in the country? And what sum would relieve his present needs, and also put him in a fair way of pulling his finances together again? He hoped

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

Lord Willowby would speak frankly; as no good ever came of concealing parts of the truth.

That Lord Willowby did disclose the whole truth it would be rash to assert; but at all events, his dramatic little scheme worked so well that, before that talk and walk in the grounds of The Hollow were over, Balfour had promised to make him an immediate advance of 10,000*l.*, not secured by any mortgage whatever, but merely to be acknowledged by note of hand. Lord Willowby was profoundly gratefnl. He explained, with some dignity, that he was a man of few words; and did not care to express all his feelings; but that he would not soon forget this urgently needed help. And as to the urgency of the help he made one or two references.

"I think I might be able to see my partners this afternoon," Balfour said, in reply. "Then we should only have to step across to our solicitors. There need be no delay—if you are really pressed for the money."

"My dear fellow," said Lord Willowby, "you don't know what a load you have taken from my breast. I would have sold the Hall long ago, but for Sylvia's sake—I know it would break her heart. I will write out at once to her to say how kind you have been——"

"I hope you will not do that," Balfour said suddenly. "The fact is—well—these business matters are better kept amongst men. She would be disturbed and anxious. Pray don't say anything about it."

"As you please," Lord Willowby said. "But I know when she comes back she won't be sorry to find the old Hall awaiting her. It will be her own in the natural course of things—perhaps sooner than anyone expects."

It was strange that a man who had just been presented with 10,000*l.* should begin to indulge in these melancholy reflections; but then Lord Willowby had obviously been impressed by this sad sight of the sale; and it was with almost a dejected air that he consented—seeing that his son-in-law would now have no time to get luncheon anywhere before leaving by the midday train—to go to the refreshment-bar and partake of such humble cheer as was there provided. It was not the dead man's sherry they drank, but that of the refreshment contractor. They stood for a few moments there, listening to the eager comments of one or two people who had been bidding for a box of games (it cost 10*l.*, and went for 23*l.*) and a cockatoo; and then Lord Willowby had the horses put to, and himself drove Balfour all the way to the station. He shook hands with him warmly. He begged of him not to hurry or bother about this matter; but still—at the same time—if there was no obstacle in the way—it was always comforting to have such things settled quickly—and so forth.

Balfour got up to London, and went straight to the offices of his firm in the City. Perhaps he was not sorry to make the visit just at this juncture; for although it would be exaggeration to say that the hints dropped by Bolitho had disquieted him, they had nevertheless remained in his mind. Before this, too, it had sometimes occurred to him that he ought to take a greater interest in that vast commercial system which it had been the pride of his father's life to build up. It seemed almost ungrateful that he should limit his interference to a mere glance at the Profit and Loss and Capital Accounts. But then, on the other hand, it was his own father who had taught him to place implicit confidence in these carefully chosen partners.

Balfour was shown upstairs to Mr. Skinner's room. That gentleman was sitting alone, at his desk, with some letters before him. He was a small, prim, elderly, and precisely-dressed person, with grey whiskers, and a somewhat careworn face. When Balfour entered, he smiled cheerfully, and nodded towards a chair.

"Ah, how do you do, Balfour? What's new with you? Anything going on at the House? I wish Parliament would do something for us business men."

"You have plenty of representatives there, anyhow, Mr. Skinner," said Balfour—the "Mr." was a tradition from his boyish visits to the office, when the young gentleman used to regard his father's partners with considerable awe—"But at present my call is a personal and private one. The fact is, I want to oblige a particular friend of mine—I want you to let me have 10,000*l.* at once."

"10,000*l.*? Oh, yes, I think we can manage that," said Mr. Skinner, with a pleasant smile.

The thing was quite easily and cheerfully settled; and Balfour proceeded to chat about one or two other matters to this old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some time. But he soon perceived that Mr. Skinner was not hearing one word he said. Moreover, a curious grey look had come over his face.

"You don't look very well," said this blunt-spoken young man.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Mr. Skinner, quite brightly. "I was only thinking—since you were here anyway—we might have a short talk about business matters, if Mr. Green agrees. I will see whether he is in his room."

He rose, opened the door, and went out. Balfour thought to himself that poor old Skinner was aging fast; he seemed quite frail on his legs.

Mr. Skinner was gone for fully ten minutes, and Balfour was beginning to wonder what could have occurred, when the two partners entered together. He shook hands with Mr. Green—a taller and stouter man, with a sallow face and spectacles. They all sat down; and, despite himself, Balfour began to entertain suspicions that something was wrong. Why all this nervousness and solemnity?

"Balfour," said Mr. Skinner, "Green and I are agreed. We must tell you now how we stand; and you have to prepare yourself for a shock. We have kept you in ignorance all this time—we have kept our own clerks in ignorance—hoping against hope—fearful of any human being letting the secret go out and ruin us; and now—now it is useless any longer— "

It was no ordinary thing that had so disturbed this prim old man. His lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak. He poured out a glass of water, and drank a little. Meanwhile, Balfour, who merely expected to hear of heavy business-losses, was sitting calm and unimpressed.

"But first of all, Mr. Green, you know," said he, "don't think that I am pressing you for this 10,000*l.* Of course, I would rather have it; but if it is necessary to you——"

"10,000*l.*!" exclaimed the wretched old man, with the frankness and energy of despair, "if we go into the *Gazette*, it will be for half a million!"

The *Gazette!* The word was a blow; and he sat stunned and bewildered, while both partners were eagerly explaining the desperate means that had been taken to avoid this fatal issue, and the preliminary causes, stretching back for several years. He could not understand. It was as if in a dream that he heard of the Investments Account, of the China Capital Account, of the fall in property in Shanghai, of speculation in cotton, of bill transactions on the part of the younger partners, of this frantic effort and that. It was the one word *Gazette* that kept dinning itself into his ears. And then he seemed to make a wild effort to throw off this nightmare.

"But how can it be!" he cried. "How can these things have been going on? Every six months I have looked over the Profit and Loss Account ——"

The old man came over, and took his hand in both of his. There were tears in his eyes.

"Balfour," said he, "your father and I were old friends while you were only a child; if he were alive, he would tell you that we acted justly. We dared not let you know. We dared not let our own clerks know. We had to keep accounts open under fictitious names; if we had written off these fearful losses to Profit and Loss we should have been smashed a year ago. And now—I don't think any further concealment is possible——"

He let the hand fall.

"Then I understand you that we are hopelessly bankrupt," said Balfour.

He did not answer; his silence was enough.

"You mean that I have not a farthing," repeated the younger man.

"You have the money that was settled on your wife," said Mr. Skinner, eagerly. "I was very glad when you applied for that——"

"It will be returned to you; I cannot defraud my father's creditors," said Balfour, coldly.

And then he rose; no one could have told what he had undergone during that half-hour.

"Good-by, Mr. Skinner; good-by, Mr. Green," said he. "I can scarcely forgive you for keeping me in ignorance of all this, though doubtless you did it for the best. And when is the crash to be announced?"

"Now that we have seen you, I think we might as well call in our solicitors at once," said Mr. Skinner.

"I think so, too," said the other partner; and then Balfour left.

He plunged into the busy, eager world outside; the office-boy was whistling merrily as he passed, the cabmen bandying jokes, smart young clerks hurrying over the latter part of their duties to get home to their amusements in the suburbs. He walked all the way down to the House, and quite mechanically took his seat. He dined by himself—with singular abstemiousness; but then no one was surprised at that. And then he walked up to his house in Piccadilly.

And this was the end—the end of all those fine ambitions that had floated before his mind as he left college, equipped for the struggle of public life with abundant health, and strength, and money, and courage. Had his courage, then, fled with his wealth, that now he seemed altogether stunned by this sudden blow? Or was it rather that, in other circumstances, he might have encountered this calamity with tolerable firmness; but that now, and at the same time, he found himself ruined, forsaken, and alone?

LITERATURE.

MR. MORLEY'S CRITICAL MISCELLANIES.

Critical Miscellanies. Second Series. By John Morley. Chapman and Hall.

The fact that these essays have already appeared singly in the *Fortnightly Review* hardly detracts from the interest of the volume. They are not hasty and casual papers, improvised to fill up gaps; they are not even *parerga*, thrown off in hours of relaxation from the strain of special studies; but solid and enduring work, results of the writer's maturest thought in the lines of intellectual activity to which he has devoted his life. Although the papers appeared at considerable intervals, they have an obvious unity of aim, pointing to continuous and strenuous work in one direction. All alike are occupied with the serious study of social forces. Three of them are biographical in form, but the biographer is comparatively little interested in the personalities of his subjects, the stages of their development, or the hopes and fears of their individual struggle for distinction; what he studies and criticises is the influence of the men as master-minds, the value of their leading doctrines, the economical, political, or social conditions by which their teachings or their practical schemes were helped or hindered. When he deals with character, it is from the moral point of view, as an element favouring or preventing the acceptance of an opinion. He discusses style in the same spirit, not as an instrument of pleasure, but as an instrument of what may be called evangelisation; he is earnest, also, in exposing tricks of expression that have a tendency to mislead writer or readers into superficiality of thought. The social aim, to use a phrase of Mr. Morley's own, is paramount in these critical miscellanies. They are the work of a man warmly interested in human improvement, and earnestly devoted to the task of weighing and examining all efforts that have been made in modern times in the name of Progress. The thought of social benefit, of the *bonum publicum*, without being offensively obtruded, underlies every page of the volume. Even in Mr. Morley's discussion of Macaulay's style, this is made the ultimate touchstone of merit or defect. He makes Macaulay responsible, in a measure, for his imitators. "Two men," he says, "of very different kinds, have thoroughly impressed the journalists of our time—Macaulay and Mr. Mill . . . . It might perhaps be said of these two distinguished men that our public writers owe most of their virtues to the one, and most of their vices to the other. If Mill taught some of them to reason, Macaulay tempted more of them to declaim; if Mill set an example of patience, tolerance, and fair examination of hostile opinions, Macaulay did much to encourage oracular arrogance and a rather too thrasonical complacency; if Mill sowed ideas of the great economic, political, and moral bearings of the forces of society, Macaulay trained a taste for superficial particularities, trivial circumstantialities of local colour, and all the paraphernalia of the pseudo-picturesque." Mr. Morley is quite willing to admit that the terms applied to the disciples of Macaulay cannot with justice be applied to himself. "What is empty pretension in the leading article, was often a warranted self-assertion in Macaulay; what in it is little more than testiness, is in him often a generous indignation. What became and still remain, in those who have made him their model, substantive and organic vices, the foundation of literary character and intellectual temper, were in him the incidental defects of a vigorous genius." Still, the social results must be considered in the first place, whatever excuse may be given for the individual. Where a critic less consistent than Mr. Morley in judging the individual by the social standard would extol the personal power of a literary genius and lament its evil influences on misguided imitators, Mr. Morley condemns the evil influences, and only adduces the good side, from a personal point of view, as an extenuating circumstance.

Not that Mr. Morley is a dry, inhuman critic, exacting from poor human frailty more than it can possibly yield. Although he disapproves strongly of ineradicable frailty being pleaded as an apology for laxity of effort, he is neither cynical nor ascetical in his point of view. It is seldom, indeed, that a critic so earnest in his application of the social standard, so intimately possessed by a conviction of the necessity of high moral ideals, shows such an ingrained respect for difference of opinion. Belief in the vital importance of a high tone of feeling and thinking usually goes with belief in the writer's own particular view as the one thing compatible with the salvation of society, and with something like irrepressible animosity to all other views. But with Mr. Morley toleration, reasonable self-distrust, is an over-ruling principle. He says of Mr. Mill that he "hit the exact mean, equally distant from timorous caution and self-indulgent violence. He was unrivalled in the difficult art of conciliating as much support as was possible and alienating as little sympathy as possible,

for novel and extremely unpopular opinions. He was not one of those wo strive to spread new faiths by brilliant swordplay with buttoned foils, and he was not one of those who run amuck among the idols of the tribe and the market-place and the theatre. He knew how to kindle the energy of all who were likely to be persuaded by his reasoning, without stimulating in a corresponding degree the energy of persons whose convictions he attacked. Thus he husbanded the strength of truth, and avoided wasteful friction. Probably no English writer that ever lived has done so much as Mr. Mill to cut at the very root of the theological spirit, yet there is only one passage in the writings published during his lifetime—I mean a well-known passage in the 'Liberty'—which could give any offence to the most devout person. His conformity, one need hardly say, never went beyond the negative degree, nor ever passed beyond the conformity of silence. That guilty and grievously common pusillanimity which leads men to make or act hypocritical professions, always moved his deepest abhorrence. And he did not fear publicly to testify his interest in the return of an atheist to Parliament." This passage describes the exemplar on whom Mr. Morley has modelled himself, and he brings to the realisation of this rule of conduct a natural geniality and openness to the humorous side of things which make his quite an ideal temper for a champion of unpopular opinions.

To review in the thorough sense of the word a volume of criticisms so full of ideas as Mr. Morley's is obviously beyond our limits. The three essays in the first half of the volume are a complete analysis of the causes of the French Revolution. The first discusses M. Taine's work on 'L'Ancien Régime,' and that brilliant writer's theory of the Revolution, more particularly as embodied in the following sentence:—"It is the classic spirit which, being applied to the scientific acquisitions of the time, produced the philosophy of the century and the doctrines of the Revolution." "Heaven defend us from the Evil One, and from metaphors!" is one's first remark on reading such a sentence. It has one advantage—that volumes might be written in a vain endeavour to reduce its terms to language within the grasp of ordinary intelligence. Mr. Morley writes several pages, trying to condense into that amount of space the many pages in which M. Taine himself illustrates without explaining his thesis. Mr. Morley is right, we think, in holding that the word "mathematical" would have defined more exactly than "classical" the habit of thought to which he ascribes such vast influence. M. Taine has literary power enough to make any expression that he may prefer exceedingly interesting, but his theory is really a very old hack. The other day a contemporary, after stating and dismissing as unsatisfactory various explanations of the prosecution of M. Gambetta, fell back at last upon the idea that the true explanation was to be found in the logical spirit of the French mind. Whether such glib theorisers call the French spirit classical, or mathematical, or logical, they probably have in their minds the same dim meaning, a sort of chaotic impression that once a Frenchman gets an idea into his head, he knows no peace till he has tried to carry it out into all its logical consequences. There is a rooted conviction in England that a Frenchman has room in his head for no more than one idea at a time. Whenever anything in the conduct of our neighbours puzzles us, we at once fall back upon this explanation; thereby casting doubt, if we would only practise a little introspection, upon the number of ideas in our own heads. After a searching examination of M. Taine's theory, which is only a more brilliant and perplexing way of stating a good old English conviction, Mr. Morley comes to the conclusion that M. Taine exaggerates the part played by literary influences in producing the French Revolution.

In the article on Turgot, Mr. Morley investigates in detail the social and economical causes of the Revolution. The Revolution might have been averted in spite of the classical craving for a Constitution which should give practical effect to the ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity, progress, and perfectibility of the species, if the possessors of political power had been willing to surrender themselves to Turgot's reforms. The misgovernment which provoked the overthrow of the Ancient Régime, bore a singular resemblance to the misgovernment which has conducted the Ottoman rule in Turkey to its present crisis. There was a "ring" of nobles round the throne of Louis XVI., very much like the "ring" of Pashas round the Porte. Short-sighted rapacity in high places, fiscal perversity, was at the bottom of the popular distress. Mr. Morley's description of the state of things that Turgot found in the province of the Limousin, offers a close analogy to the particulars of Ottoman misrule:—

> There had once been a certain export of cattle, but that had now come to an end, partly because the general decline of the district had impaired the quality of the beasts, and partly because the Parisian butchers, who were by much the greatest customers, had found the markets of Normandy more convenient. The more the trade went down, the heavier was the burden of the cattle-tax on the stock that remained. The stock-dealer was thus ruined from both sides at once. In the same way, the Limousin horses, whose breed had been famous all over France, had ceased to be an object of commerce, and the progressive increase of taxation had gradually extinguished the trade. Angoumois, which formed part of the Generality of Limoges, had previously boasted of producing the best and finest paper in the world, and it had found a market not only throughout France, but all over Europe. There had been a time when this manufacture supported sixty mills; at the death of Lewis XIV. their number had fallen from sixty to sixteen. An excise duty at the mill, a duty on exportation at the provincial frontier, a duty on the importation of rags over the provincial frontier—all these vexations had succeeded in reducing the trade with Holland, one of France's best customers, to one-fourth of its previous dimensions. Nor were paper and cattle the only branches of trade that had been blighted by fiscal perversity. The same burden arrested the transport of saffron across the borders of the province, on its way to Hungary and Prussia and the other cold lands where saffron was a favourite condiment. Salt which came up the Charente from the marshes by the coast, was stripped of all its profit, first by the duty paid on crossing from the Limousin to Périgord and Auvergne, and next by the right possessed by certain of the great lords on the banks of the Charente to help themselves at one point and another to portions of the cargo. Iron was subject to a harassing excise in all those parts of the country that were beyond the jurisdiction of the *parlement* of Bordeaux. The effect of such positive hindrances as these to the transit of goods was further aided, to the destruction of trade, by the absence of roads. There were four roads in the province, but all of them so bad that the traveller knew not whether to curse more lustily the rocks or the swamps that interrupted his journey alternately.

The infatuated perversity which refuses to remove such direct causes of distress has much more to do with insurrections than any literary influence, or any abstract longing for perfect institutions. People reduced to such straits would be content with something much short of logical equality.

KANITZ'S BULGARIA.

Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan. Von F. Kanitz. Leipzig: H. Fries. London: Williams and Norgate.

[*First Notice.*]

No better name than the Gates of Europe could be given, in an ethnographical as well as a political sense, to those countries lying between the Carpathians and the Ægean, the Adriatic and the Pontus. They form, in truth, a debatable ground on which Scythians, Goths, Huns, Magyars, Greeks, and Romans swayed backwards and forwards in alternate conquest and defeat, and where the Cross fell a prey to the Crescent in the very hour of its growth. Here the Turks met with their first check from the Magyars, who for centuries protected Europe from their incursions, and even regained much of the ground the Moslem had won. Year by year these provinces were the scene of an internecine warfare to which every generation contributed its quota. No wonder, then, that there are no memorials of the past except traditions of blood, fire, and rapine, and no signs in the present but those of hatred, jealousy, and massacre. Here the clash of conflicting races and creeds has never ceased. Each man's hand is armed and raised ready to strike his neighbour; continual misery and oppression have nearly frozen all sympathy and generosity out of his heart; and with sullen defiance and a curse on his

lips, he enters upon his terrible heritage of brutality, distrust, jealousy, and selfishness.

Such is the material the historian has to deal with in treating of the past and present of the Danubian regions. It is an uninviting picture, and Herr Kanitz does not long linger over it. He gives a short account of the expeditions of the Bulgarians against Byzance, and the conquests of the Emperor Basilius, as well as of the wars amongst the Slavs themselves, until the dissensions in the House of Comnenus enabled Asan I. to throw off the yoke of the Greek Emperor Isaac, and to establish his rule in the district known as the Silva Bulgaria, with the exception of a few strong places which were still held by the Greek Emperor's troops. He was crowned in 1186 at Tirnova, which became henceforth the capital of the Bulgarian kings, and where, in 1205, Baldwin was barbarously murdered after the defeat of the Crusaders by the allied Greeks and Bulgarians. The rule of the Asanides was, however, of short duration; and in 1291 Bulgaria fell a prey partly to the contentions of its own rival princes between themselves and to the intrigues and attacks of the Greek and Latin Empires at Constantinople, till it fell more or less under the control of the Servian kings Urosh III. and Dushan. Over this chapter of Bulgaro-Servian history, from the death of Asan I. to the Mussulman conquest, Herr Kanitz passes very rapidly. In fact, the little he tells us belongs rather to the history of the Greek Empire than to that of Bulgaria. It is true that the authorities for this period are of doubtful historical value, and partake largely of the character of tradition and legendary lore; but in the absence of well-authenticated facts, traditions and legends exercise just as great an influence on later generations as the most accurate chronicle, and bring out the character of the people far more than any scientifically written history. It would certainly scarcely be fair to judge the present Bulgarian by what he was in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, if the country had been as open to surrounding influences as the nations of Western Europe were to each other during the same period, and since then. But it must be remembered that Bulgaria has been isolated for centuries; and recent events have but too clearly shown that the rude, fierce passions which animated the forefathers have been inherited in nearly all their force by the sons. It is therefore to be regretted that Herr Kanitz has not devoted more space to an account of the internal affairs of Bulgaria, after the death of Asan I. He tells us nothing of the insurrection of the Bulgarians against Michael Asan, and his murder by Kaliman, or of the resulting events which led Servia to enter upon a course that placed Bulgaria under the control of Urosh and Dushan. It is indeed a dark chapter, a story of rival claimants supported now by the Servians, now by the Byzantian emperors, and in which treachery and murder succeed each other almost without interruption. But a more detailed account of this period would have shown more clearly than appears from Herr Kanitz's paragraphical *précis* what the curse really is that weighs upon the populations of the Balkan peninsula, and what chances the Bulgarians have of being able to bury the past and inaugurating a fresh history untrammelled by the bloody legacies of former ages. Had Herr Kanitz followed this course it would have appeared that the evil destiny of the Bulgarians does not lie in an inferiority of race, in native barbarity and inaccesibility to European culture, as their enemies say, nor yet in Islam and Turkish oppression. The evil is more deeply rooted. It is what may be called Byzantianism. It arises from the contact of Western with Asiatic ideas, and the endless conflicts that result therefrom, not only as between race and race, but also in each individual in whose mind the rival ideas and passions are continually struggling for the supremacy. It lies in the struggle for the possession of the Gates of Europe; for the possession of countries which are not sharply marked off by geographical nor by ethnographical limits, but where there is a mixture of races of various degrees of intelligence and energy divided from each other by creed, language, and interminable jealousies and hatreds. The Bulgarians succeeded the Greeks; the Turks succeeded the Bulgarians; the Russians are now trying to oust the Turks, and to remove at least one element of discord from the bloodstained scene. The Russian sees plainly what other nations refuse to see—that the line of contact between Asiatic and European must be moved farther back, and a rigid division made between the two by concentrating the European elements into a strong phalanx. *Habent sua fata enim regiones*; and the evil fate of the Balkan peninsula lies in the fact that Asia has always had one foot upon Europe from the days of Xerxes, through the various phases of Byzantian Empire, to these present days of Abdul Hamid. Till this is altered there can be no peace: Asia must quit Europe. It then becomes a question as to the division of responsibility for the protection of the Gates, and as to *Quis custodiet custodes* if the keepers of the Gates are not strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of their Asiatic enemies. It also becomes a question as to which race is more impregnated with Asiatic ideas, and which is more likely to be able to emancipate itself from the Byzantianism which has been the ruin of the peninsula. In short, whether the Greek or the Slav contains the more fruitful germs of honest political life—not the more mobile intellect—and whether a preponderance can be accorded to either, or, if not, what are to be the limits dividing the two races. All this would have appeared plainer, if Herr Kanitz had devoted a little more attention to the internal history of Bulgaria in its disputes at home and with the neighbouring Powers of Servia and Byzance. In coming to modern times, however, he clearly points out the difference between Servia and Bulgaria, and shows how the Turks scattered their colonies throughout the country, and stifled all national feeling amongst the Bulgarians who were left to themselves without protection, whilst Servia, regarded as the bulwark of Christianity against the Moslem, received the support of Austro-Hungary, and was thus enabled to retain its national pride, and develop the strongest patriotism amongst its sons. The Bulgarians, however, lay too much at the mercy of their conquerors; they have gradually degenerated into a hopeless state of resignation; and thus, in 1828–29, it was only the mountain population that rendered any assistance to the Russians. Still, even this assistance, small though it was, caused much anxiety to the Porte, as well as the subsequent risings in 1837–38 and 1841, and a beginning was made to introduce some few reforms, which were still further extended after the Crimean War. But meagre though these reforms were, the Bulgarians made such good use of them as to prove incontestably that centuries of Asiatic oppression had not converted them into Asiatics; and after the unsuccessful rising in 1862, the Porte was so thoroughly awakened to the importance of the movement progressing in Bulgaria, that Midhat Pasha was sent to pacify the province, and carry out such reforms as were imperatively necessary, as far as consistent with the safety of the Porte. But Midhat soon saw that the slightest reform would be a weapon against the Porte in the hands of the Bulgarians, and the way in which he put down the insurrection of 1867, which was instigated by Servia to exercise a pressure upon the Porte in the matter of the Servian fortresses, clearly shows that the public works he constructed in Bulgaria were but a poor set-off against the reign of terror he instituted. Fifty-four of the insurgents were sent in heavy irons to Rustzuk, where ten were executed and the rest banished to Diabekir, which, however, was reached by a few of them only, most of them dying by the way, or being hanged. A period of "denunciation" succeeded, and Midhat Pasha himself, whilst on board the Austrian steamer *Germania*, shot down with his own hand two persons who had been pointed out to him as secret agents. This act of Midhat Pasha's filled the cup of the displeasure with which he was regarded at Constantinople, and he was recalled, to the sorrow and yet to the joy of the Bulgarians. They fully appreciated his strict justice, but at the same time

they plainly saw that he was only forging stronger fetters for them, and that he was the most dangerous enemy to their political regeneration and independence. With the departure of Midhat the intrigue of the Servian and Panslavist agitators recommenced; but, with the exception of the revolt at Sophia in 1873, the country remained outwardly quiet. The movement, however, silently progressed till Europe was struck with horror at the atrocities committed in Batak.

In the chapter on the ethnography of the Bulgarians Herr Kanitz follows the ideas of Shafarik, and shows how completely the Finno-B'lagar has become Slavonicised and merged into the race he originally conquered. He also points out a fact that has been somewhat misunderstood by travellers in Bulgaria, and has led to the idea that the Turks are better off and more civilised than the Bulgarians. The Turk does exhibit more taste in his surroundings than the Bulgarian. His house is more prettily situated and more picturesquely built than that of the Bulgarian. But the advantage is only outwardly in favour of the Turk. Inside the house, there is much more neatness, order, and busy life than in the house of the Moslem. There is no family life in the Turk's house as there is in that of the Bulgarian; there is none of that mixing of the sexes which distinguishes the Bulgarian from the Turk, and, in many instances, from the Greek, whose ancient institutions were not so foreign to the idea of the Turkish harem. It is true the social life of the Bulgarian can as yet scarcely be called refined; but there is a marked difference between the tastes of the Bulgarian and the Serb as compared to those of the Roumanian or Wallach. The latter tend more to the French, the former more to the Saxon modes of thought. But many and many a year will pass away before the Bulgarian will be able to hold his own amidst European nations unless stringent measures are adopted to free him from the trammels which superstition, assisted by the monks, has imposed upon his mind. The name of the monks in Bulgaria is legion; they are infinitely more numerous and ignorant than in Servia; but what was done in Servia by the help of elementary schools could also be accomplished in Bulgaria. Perhaps more easily, for on the whole the Bulgarian is far more agriculturally inclined than the Servian, and is not so much attracted by the intriguing town life of his neighbours in Belgrade. On the whole, the Bulgarian is essentially material by nature, as is amply evidenced by the numerous superstitious observances and habits to which he is addicted; though, at the same time, it may be doubted whether these superstitions have more influence over him in his acts and daily life than similar customs in other countries, which have no further significance than any of the national observances practised in the West. In short, it is a question whether the Bulgarian attaches more importance to his customs than we do to Guy Fawkes' Day, to the Christmas waits, or the pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. On the whole, it would seem that the Bulgarian observances are practised to give vent to the pent-up animal feelings of the people, who have no other outlet for their superabundant spirits. January 6 seems to be an especially exciting day for the majority, though it must be rather the reverse for the minority. The rites are commenced at dawn of day, by the mothers suddenly rubbing their children all over with snowballs, whilst the adults throughout the village lie in ambush to souse each other with buckets of cold water. The young men who have been married during the year are led in procession to the river or well, and are there similarly treated; whilst the wife is led by her step-father to the water, and obliged to get into it and kiss his hand thrice. Having thus satisfactorily soused each other, they take their revenge on January 8, by disguising themselves in fantastic costumes, and seizing the first best old woman they come across, either plunge her into the river, or souse her also with divers buckets of water. Lent is ushered in with a variety of ceremonies, such as a universal cleaning of pots and pans; but, strangely enough, the dead are exempted from observing the fast, for on the second Sunday in Lent food and drink is placed upon the graves of the deceased, and a procession formed by the women, who go from house to house with lighted tapers in their hands, to give their departed relations a good appetite. Altogether the twenty-two weeks of Lent, the other thirty Fridays, and even the Wednesdays on which the peasantry also fast, represent, as Herr Kanitz says, an amount of corporal castigation unknown in any other country.

It is no wonder, then, that the Bulgarian tries to make up for his enforced digestive idleness during these days by a considerable indulgence on the others. The ceremonies and observances, however, which must be practised by those of both sexes who aspire to matrimony are peculiarly trying, and shows in a striking manner what human nature is prepared to go through in order to get married. The preliminaries are most complicated, and when at last the two are safely married, they silently quit the festive board, accompanied by the midwife of the village, who waits outside the nuptial chamber till she is able to return to the assembled guests and announce that the bride has given undoubted proof of her honour. The happy couple remain invisible in their house for several days, after which the bride's first walk is to the well, where she is soused with water by the married women, into whose ranks she is then worthy to enter. Should she not rejoice the soul of her husband with a son and heir, or at least a daughter, she has to be exorcised, and submit to endless incantation; and, if that is all of no avail, she sallies forth on the 1st of May at early dawn and rolls herself naked in the dewy grass. If these are some of the difficulties in getting married—and they are only some of them—it may be imagined what are the difficulties in getting born and dying in Bulgaria. When the father of the family feels his end approaching, he sends for the priest and begins to bargain with him about his funeral, and settles the details of his "wake." Having arranged all this and his other worldly affairs, he feels comfortably prepared to leave the world, and, when his agony commences, to have a lighted taper placed in his hand, his jaws bound up with a cloth, and his eyelids closed. The moment his pulse has stopped, all the pots, pans, jars, kettles, &c., in the house are turned upside down to prevent his soul from taking refuge in one of them, and great care taken to prevent either man or animal—especially a cat or dog—from stepping across his body, as otherwise he would turn into a vampyre, and be a continual nuisance and a danger to his family and the whole community. Within a few hours of death the body is buried without any coffin, in a shallow grave, eighteen to twenty-four inches deep, and left there for three years, during which time many offerings of food and wine are placed upon it. At the end of the third year, the bones of the dead man are dug up, carefully washed, put into a linen bag, laid before the episcopal throne, of which there is one in every village, blessed by the pope, and then finally buried for good. Thus the Bulgarian is well taken care of after his death, unless indeed there is any reason to believe that he has become a vampyre. In that case the grave is opened and the body transfixed by a stake, or a nail is driven into his breast. If the body is very well preserved, then it is riddled with pistol shots, and the earth stamped down firmly upon it, or sometimes it is burnt to ashes by a fire made of thorn.

These customs, and a hundred others which Herr Kanitz describes very fully and with a due appreciation of their significance, are naturally fostered by the ignorant monkhood as a source of revenue which they share with the old women who play the part of doctors and exorcisers. But it must not be imagined for a moment that the Bulgarian allows these superstitions to interfere with his daily work, or that they lead him to indulge in laziness, as would be, and is, the case in southern climes. On the contrary, when it is remembered what a drain upon his resources the claims of the priesthood, the monkhood, and the Turks exercise, it is wonderful that he has so much left for himself as he

has, and that he is able to live in comparative, if not, indeed, in actual affluence. Nothing short of the most unflagging labour could enable him to do so; and that he does work with extreme energy and perseverance, we have not only the word of Herr Kanitz, but also of people who are well able to judge of his powers and capabilities—of the contractors for various works along the Danube who have employed them, and have been able accurately to gauge the comparative powers of Bulgarian, Servian, and Wallach. Thus Sir Charles Bright, who owned the Servian mines at Kutschaina, asserted that the Bulgarians are incomparably the best for hard work which did not demand much mental effort, and that they alone could be relied on to carry out what they had undertaken to do. The same opinion was expressed by the contractors for the Turkish railways. They had nothing but praise for them; and everybody who has had practical experience of the Bulgarians says the same, and agrees that they are eminently calculated to form the backbone of a powerful nation if they were but tolerably governed. Had the Turks but had the slightest aptitude for European administration they would long since have been able to consolidate their power in the Balkan peninsula, and have opposed an impregnable front to the more scheming and less honest population which has its centre of action in Constantinople itself, and is represented by the Fanar. They would have admitted the Bulgarian to that share of the administration which they reserved for Byzantian Jew, Greek, and Armenian, and have secured the great majority of the population on the peninsula for themselves. How they missed this opportunity, according to the opinion of Herr Kanitz, how they abused the power placed in their hands, and how they suffered themselves to be made the tools and dupes of the crafty community that surrounds the Sultan and his officers, we must reserve for a future notice.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Church of Thibet, and the Historical Analogies of Buddhism and Christianity. By W. Wordsworth, B.A., Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay. Bombay: Thacker and Co.

Professor Wordsworth, the learned Principal of Elphinstone College, has done well to print his lecture on 'The Buddhist Church of Thibet, and the Historical Analogies of Buddhism and Christianity.' The lecture was given at the request of the Students' Literary and Scientific Society at Bombay, and we congratulate the Indian students on their good fortune in being able to command lectures of such permanent value. 'The Church of Thibet' is the result of wide reading and deep thinking, and in order to be thoroughly appreciated it requires not only to be read but to be studied. The mind of the reader is kept continually on the stretch as he reads through Mr. Wordsworth's lecture, and every page causes him to think, and tells him something fresh. The Principal of Elphinstone College differs from most modern writers in one marked respect—he is eminently fertile of ideas, and he scatters his flowers as he goes along his path. The conspicuous merits of the lecture are that it throws new and valuable light on the comparative study of religious phenomena through comparing the facts of Buddhism with the parallel facts of Christianity, and that it perpetually enlivens the reader by the variety of the problems which in passing it raises and discusses.

The religion of the Vedas and its later product Brahmanism stand in the same relative position to Buddhism as that which Judaism occupies with respect to Christianity. Christ and Sakya Muni proclaimed no new creed, but they taught the masses what was divine in the old. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are found in the Talmud, and the four great moral precepts of Sakya Muni are to be met with in Brahmanical teaching. The Buddha, like the Christ, called upon all who would really follow him to resign their earthly possessions, to abandon father and mother, wife and child, that they might gain true peace both now and hereafter. The method of the two great Teachers was not very widely different, but the goal or ideal end of the course of life which they recommended was totally dissimilar. Instead of the Personal God of the Hebrew and the Christian, Buddha conceived the Infinite as a state of final emancipation from all limitations and properties of being; as the cessation, not simply of separate existence, but of all existence. The hope which Christ conveyed to mankind was an eternity spent in the love and worship of a Heavenly Father; the hope which Sakya conveyed to mankind was the possibility of escaping from pain, old age, and death, by Nirvâna or extinction. To him, as to all his contemporaries, "birth was but a sleep and a forgetting." The Brahmans, Kshatriyas, and Sudras all equally believed in the inevitableness of transmigration, in the distribution of rewards and punishments, and in the difficulty, as well as in the necessity, of finally escaping the perpetually varying condition of an existence so full of pain and sorrow. As a philosopher and a moralist, Sakya accepted the principal truths recognised by the Brahmans, but he differed from them in that which he proposed as the end of human efforts, by his substitution of Nirvâna for the one Brahma, into whose substance those of the Vedantic faith believed that this world and mankind would return. But with the Brahmans death was no leveller of persons. They offered their absorption only to those who studied the Vedas and had obtained the real knowledge. In fact, only to those of the twice-born class. For the other classes there was only recurring birth, until, by transmigration, a member was fortunate enough to attain the heaven-born class. Sakya Muni did not offer Nirvâna to all, but only to those who became ascetics. However, anyone might become an ascetic, and then the lowest Sudra held equal rank, and received equal honours with the Brahman or the Kshatriya. We cannot agree with Mr. Wordsworth when he says that the hostility of Buddhism to caste is a feature which counted far less in its earlier success than is generally supposed. Burnouff, in his introduction to the 'History of Indian Buddhism,' shows that Sakya Muni regarded instruction as the birthright of all mankind, whereas the Brahmans regarded it as the possession of the privileged classes. Sakya received men of the lowest class among his audience, and this gave a severe blow to the Brahmanical constitution of society. Christ and Sakya Muni both preached one great doctrine which revolutionised society—the worthlessness of caste. Paul declared on Mars' Hill the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the earth," and the founder of Buddhism proclaimed that all the inhabitants of the earth were of one and the same race.

Mr. Wordsworth in his lecture says, "There was no place for a priesthood or a ritual in this (Buddhism) religion." This is true, and the primitive Buddhists must have been like the Jains of the present day, dependent on the Brahmans for the performances of the rites of marriage and of funerals. This may explain why a pure religion which originated in India, and which won the hearts of the people, has been in the end unsuccessful in its contests with Brahmanism. But it is extremely problematic whether Buddhism was ever the religion of the people of India. Buddhism may have influenced a certain number of the Sudra class or aboriginal races, but its chief work was professedly among the Kshatriyas (the warriors), and Vessyas (the merchants, traders, and artisans.) If it had been widespread it would hardly have escaped the notice of Megasthenes. We believe it was the religion of a powerful sect, like that of the Jains in the present day, and that its chief influence lay in the fortunate conversion of the powerful Asoka. Brahmanism was never extinguished, but the operations of Buddhism effected a vital change in its constitution. In order to keep alive its vigour, Brahmanism was forced to make common cause with the aboriginal idolatry. It became the champion of all the old creeds of India with their complicated mythology and lax morality, against the strict Puritanism of the Buddhists. The people soon

tired of the severities of the later faith, and the common vulgar craving for priesthood and ritual returned. The decay of Buddhism was also hastened by the rise of the great Buddhist heresy, Jainism. The vast viharas (monasteries) of the Buddhists were felt to be oppressive by the population, and Jainism was a movement for the dissolution of the monasteries. However, being a popular movement, it pandered to popular superstitions, and admitted much of the aboriginal idolatry. The rapid growth and untimely disappearance of Buddhism in India is a startling religious fact. Just as the faith of Jesus now meets with bare toleration in the sacred city of his Passion, so in many districts of India which once the disciples of Sakya Muni visited with the most intense devotion his very name is now forgotten. In primitive Buddhism, like primitive Christianity, there was no place for elaborate ritual and priestcraft. Lamaism with its shaven priests, its bells and rosaries, its images and holy water, its popes and bishops, its abbots and monks of many grades, its processions and feast-days, its confessional and purgatory, and its worship of the double Virgin, so strongly resembles Romanism that the first Catholic missionaries thought it must be an imitation by the devil of the religion of Christ. In conclusion we must thank Professor Wordsworth for his scholarly and animated contribution to a subject which must be of perennial interest to all thinking minds.

MYSTERY, IMAGINATION, AND HORROR.

The Savage Life. A Second Series of Camp Notes. By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman and Hall.

In these preoccupied times, even a far more skilful literary artist than Mr. Boyle might fail in imparting interest to Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Borneo, and Ashantee. South Africa, to which the author devotes eight of his twenty-five chapters, might have stood a better chance of a popular hearing than any of them. And yet, though, in his own words, "romance is rampant" in the Cape and the Diamond Fields, and though he has been at vast pains to give that romance a fitting expression in his own pages, Mr. Boyle is somehow a much duller companion in the New Confederation than he is among the forests and swamps of Central America. Mr. Boyle dazzles us with his "jewel pits," his boundless plains glittering with diamond-dust, his Kaffir huts, built with diamonds as with bricks, his Hottentot boys wandering towards Cape Town offering to sell diamonds by the pint. South Africa is altogether a land of wonders. In one portion of it "a constant wind fanned the burning air," when it ought rather to have been fanning our traveller's burning skin. And the excitement, too, that must have been caused by each success of the first diggers—especially of Mr. Boyle's friend, Captain Rolleston, who could never visit Cape Town "with a quarter of a pint of diamonds" in his hands without sending another "throb throughout the colony." Mr. Boyle, in fact, arrived at the Cape in good time to assist at the birth of a new empire; and he had an opportunity of writing stories in which future generations might find the same kind of pleasure which the tales of the early New Englanders afford to readers in the present day. Yet the general effect of Mr. Boyle's narrative is one of weariness—weariness especially of his everlasting diamonds, which crop up not only in every sand-heap of South Africa, but also in Borneo, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and even in the Lake Country, whose waters are "diamond-bright," notwithstanding the "brown in their shadowy depths." In spite, too, of the romance with which South Africa is said to be "rampant," its diamond heroes are vulgar, often stupid, and always uninteresting. Greed seems to be their chief characteristic, so that even the humanest reader cannot repress a feeling of satisfaction when the Cape Town heart "throbs," not because Cape Town eyes spy more Hottentot boys laden with pint-pots of brilliants, but because "Cape Town fingers are terribly burnt." Cape Town burnt its fingers on account of the reckless way in which it calculated the value of its diamonds. "A diamond was a diamond"—flaws, colour, &c., being almost disregarded. Size was the main point, so that to settle the value of a brilliant you had merely to follow Mr. Emanuel's formula, and multiply the square of the weight by a supposed price per carat. Nobody, we say, can feel the slightest interest in the somewhat unintelligent speculations of Mr. Boyle's personal acquaintances, in their unsuccessful hawking among the shops in Bond Street and in the Chinese Empire. For all that anyone cares they might have gone on squaring, even cubing, their carats, and burning their Cape Town fingers till the crack of doom. Mr. Boyle, of course, exhibits a collection of diamond field villains, thieves, swindlers, murderers, and the like, but the villains are, on the whole, a dull, uninteresting lot, in cleverness and daring considerably below the level of the ordinary villains of the once popular detective officer's fiction, a species of composition towards which Mr. Boyle evidently feels some rudimentary impulse. But though hardly worth the trouble of publication in book form, Mr. Boyle's African experiences would have been admirably suited for the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, for which journal, as we understand, our traveller wrote letters from the Diamond Fields.

In the other countries which Mr. Boyle visited, romance was just as "rampant" as in the Diamond Fields, and we are glad to say that he is more successful with it in their case than in that of the latter. But there is "romance" and "romancing;" nor is it always possible to tell when Mr. Boyle has crossed the dividing line; he merely assures us that every tale in this collection has "its solid foundation of truth." It is not so much the presence of the "romance" to which we object, as the mixture of fact and fancy in a work of travels. One hardly knows what to make of adventures based "on a solid foundation of truth." One would like to ascertain the amount of solid, fundamental fact in the Bornean story about the "Ujits"—a kind of ghostly or semi-human creatures, it is difficult to say which:—

> Just then [says Mr. Boyle's companion] I felt two or three light taps upon my helmet. . . . It may be a snake or a scorpion that has tumbled from above. With a swing of my arm I sent the helmet flying, quick as thought. Just then I heard a low cry in front. My back was towards the boys. I turned, and them who was in the bush in front saw my white face. Then . . . there was a rustling and a murmur round. Quick as a breeze the thing passed through the wood. I heard soft, gentle sounds, like sighing. I see a dozen little atomies drop noiseless from above, steal from behind the trunks, rise from the very earth, whispering. But for that low rustle, it was deadly still. Oh! they glided from trunk to trunk, melting from sight in the vista—gray shadows, naked, about half the size of human. Whispering and rustling they vanished, smooth as ghosts at dawn.

Now the foregoing might pass for a fanciful, or imaginative, expression of the "eerie" feelings that may be supposed to creep on the mind of a wanderer in a forest, full of silence and gloom, except when the sun brings a mild gloaming. To the most unpoetic of Cook's stampeders the fitful sighing of the breeze might be as the sound of ghostly voices; the stray shadows suggest unearthly shapes lurking among the trees. Anyone able to appreciate Herr Wagner's forest music may to some extent imagine how the composer might interpret the feelings which filled the mind of Mr. Boyle's friend Timms. Or, to come to the literary art, how Edgar Allan Poe might treat them for another tale of imagination and horror. The American romancist, we may depend upon it, would hold us spell-bound to the very last. But Mr. Boyle's intrusive, over-prompt matter-of-fact soon spoils the illusion. The Ujits' "blowpipes," through which they shoot their tiny, fairy-like, poisoned arrows, become as commonplace as the tin pea-shooters—penny apiece—through which School Board boys pepper each other, and perhaps their pedagogue's broad back, when that learned worthy's mind happens to be sufficiently absorbed. Mr. Boyle's friend Timms fortifies himself with a dram of brandy, and one feels inclined to kick the fellow as he pursues the "Ujits," gun in hand, and "cockey with his nip," whatever that may mean. The Dyaks organised an expedition against the ghostly blowpipers; but most of

them were soon discovered lying dead, each with a "tiny speck of blood on his body"—like a red dew-drop. Tiny footprints were the sole traces of the "Ujits." Some of those who returned alive were "silly with fright," and "two lost their wits altogether." Serve them all right! Of course Mr. Boyle may have intended to convey some meaning—very profound, or beneficent, or merely satirical. But if so, he has managed to hide it most skilfully. Mr. Boyle's didactic purpose is perhaps more apparent, the mystery more easily resolvable, in his wonderfully imaginative story of the Bornean Rajah's diamond, the hero of which is another of Mr. Boyle's singular friends, a Mr. Bate—of course from the "jewel pits" of South Africa. The story may be taken as a satire on the fuss and gossip—continued for two centuries—about an astonishing diamond, as big as a man's fist, but latterly proved to be only a crystal, though a crystal of uncommon beauty. This precious jewel the Rajah had hid, miles away from his palace, in a labyrinthine forest-cave, guarded by a complicated arrangement of spear-traps. It is a most thrilling story, that which narrates how, through endless perils by flood and field, the Rajah's daughter guided Mr. Bate to the hidden treasure—merely that the said Bate might look at it, and perhaps buy it some time after for a million down. It is incomprehensible how the old Rajah could have been so foolish as to entrust the girl with any commission of the sort. The only sensible thing Bate seems to have done was to kiss the young lady as she left him, paddling her own canoe; and the only sensible thing *she* did was to take no notice of the gallant Bate's little attentions.

It is as difficult to find artistic justification for Mr. Boyle's horrors as for his mystery and imagination. Poe creates his horrors with a purpose. For Mr. Boyle the mere bald, blank, matter-of-fact statement of the horrible is sufficient. Much of his art is that of the *Police News*; he cannot present us with a villain in whom he can feel an interest. His murderers have no legitimate concern with pen and ink, but rather with the hangman's hemp. What earthly pleasure (in an artistic sense) can anyone derive from the story called "A Drama without Footlights"—and in which an Indian squaw shoots and pounds her husband and his accomplice to death, when she surprises them torturing her taciturn old screw of a father because he declined to reveal the whereabouts of the wealth which he did not possess? But, in justice to Mr. Boyle, it must be admitted that some of his scenes might be reproduced with advantage in transpontine theatres—the gambling-scene, *e.g.*, in a "hell" on the San José Road, somewhere in Central America. The bank was caught cheating, the candles were stamped out, and the gamesters yelled, stamped, cut and thrust at each others' stomachs, and performed feats of agility and muscular energy all the more astonishing considering that they were executed in pitch darkness. Mr. Boyle's eagle eye took in the situation, detected the course of the complicated evolutions, by the occasional aid of pistol-flashes. For theatrical purposes, the electric spark might perhaps answer best, especially if you wish to seize the momentary effect of an arch-villain vaulting over a table, striding across his prostrate foe, discharging a six-shooter, crushing a banker's rib in a sort of bear's grasp, and hacking about him "promiscuous," all at one and the same time. There is a great deal of vigorous writing in Mr. Boyle's volume, as, *e.g.*, in his description of the voice of the Congo baboon:—"Over the hill comes a sudden roar, distant but terrible. . . . Yon rough pack of wool (*i.e.* the Congo) thrills to the sound, gulps in a mighty breath, and thunders his response. It cannot be that ugly thing up aloft, lolling lumpishly upon a branch, whose voice growls and rumbles through the forest, like that of some monstrous survivor of the flood. With such awful mutterings the plesiosaurus wallowed from his lair—with such ringing screams swooped the pterodactyl on his prey." Mr. Boyle's fellow-citizens may be congratulated on the fact that the voice belonged to Congo and not to Pongo.

It would be wrong to infer from the foregoing specimens that Mr. Boyle's style is always Telegraphese at highest tension. On the contrary, he is fond of affecting a Hebraic simplicity. Like Mr. Hepworth Dixon, he occasionally glides off into blank verse—*e.g.* "On the little tufts of heath, lizards countless lie and bask." But in his sentimental moods he is often apt to become obscure, as in the matter of that "radiant quiver of sound and airy life from the little space of grass." One must sympathise with him, however, in his pity for "the shame-struck hills" of Westmoreland, whose shame arises from the presence of vulgar tourists in search of the picturesque. Persons of the stamp of the young lady who sickened Mr. Boyle with her inquiries about a theatre at or near Windermere are decidedly objectionable, and they ought to be put down.

MRS. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Arthur. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1877.

Authors sometimes impose hard duties upon themselves in their efforts to entertain the public. When we consider that Mrs. Oliphant must have taken a good deal more time to write than we to read her latest novel—that possibly where we have spent hours she may have spent months in the society of her heroine—we feel full of compassion for the strain her nerves must have undergone. This heroine is a young lady of such an extraordinarily vivacious temper—she is so subject to "tantrums," as her friends familiarly express it, so prone to flash forth "tears that look more like fire than water," to "clash doors behind her," to shake her "small clenched fist" in people's faces, and in other ways to display an alarming excitability—that we confess we take our leave of her (at the "turn of her capricious soul," when, but for "an impulse of the moment," we are on the point of having her "burst away again, rush forth into the cold and twilight") with our own nerves very seriously shaken. For—and it is this which makes the case serious—Mrs. Oliphant's young virago presents herself to us with almost aggressive distinctness and vitality. We cannot ignore her as a false creation, nor sneer down her "tantrums" as grossly exaggerated—she, and her tantrums too, have the "inevitableness" spoken of by Mr. Swinburne; we do indeed feel that "thus and not otherwise, but in all things altogether, even as we are told and shown, it was and must have been with the human figure set before us." In real life, no doubt, we should avoid such a human figure; or should follow the example of the well-intentioned visitors in whose faces she, as usual, "shook her small clenched fist," and run away. But the Nancy of Mrs. Oliphant's story, although she frightens and provokes us, does not somehow fail to awaken a sort of interest. Perhaps it is the author's evident partiality for her heroine which is infectious. In any case, although poetic justice is outraged, we are not without a sense of relief that Nancy's "tantrums" do not bring her to the fate she deserves, but that at the turn of her capricious soul the right impulse for once comes uppermost; and that she gives up "bursting away and rushing forth" for the present, and consents to be adored and made happy by an apologetic and submissive husband.

Now we do not wish for one moment to imply that so moral a writer as Mrs. Oliphant could openly and intentionally countenance "tantrums," or encourage young wives liable to such affections to give free vent to their feelings in the way of shaking their small clenched fists, calling their husbands' friends liars, and insulting their mothers-in-law. Nevertheless, we cannot say that she marks her disapprobation of these proceedings, in the present instance, with a severity likely to prove actively dissuasive. Somehow it is always implied that Nancy Bates, otherwise "Mrs. Arthur," in spite of her eccentricities of temper—nay, somewhat as it seems because of them—is a very fascinating young person. The gentleman,

for instance, whom she calls a "meddler," a busybody, and a "liar," and in whose face, as a matter of course, she shakes her fist by way of parting, is so favourably impressed by this behaviour that he straightway gives up all his efforts to stop her marriage with his friend Mr. Arthur Curtis (the son of a baronet of "elevated position and long descent"), and forthwith considers her quite a suitable match—in fact, "a lily amongst weeds." As for her husband, his devotion (or infatuation) seems to grow as she insults himself and all his family with the more vigour; and it finally culminates when she abandons him without the smallest shadow of excuse, and returns to her own "folks," namely, Mr. Bates, the tax-collector, exceptionally addicted to bad English and rum-and-water; to Mrs. Bates, his better-half; to Sarah-Jane and Mathilda, his daughters, who dispute the favour of a fancy grocer, by a happy accident rejoicing in the name of Raisins. Most people would expect that, after the life she had led him, Mr. Curtis would have considered the summary return of his wife to the home of her childhood a most fortunate occurrence. Not so. He is not content with imploring her in the most humble terms to come back to him; he engages the sympathetic aid of his friend, and neither of them are in the least discouraged by her "clashing" doors, and lavishing choice epithets upon them. When she positively persists in her refusal, the unhappy husband abandons his native land, and for two years is haunted by her image—her eyes "gleam upon him through the gloom, flashing with anger, veiled with tears." Nor is Nancy subjected to any material hardships during these two years; she has a liberal allowance, and when her "high spirit" leads her to throw it up, there is a fortunate legacy to fall back upon. When at length she is pleased to come to her senses, everyone is eager to receive her back. Lady Curtis is wholly conquered, because this young woman who has insulted herself and her daughter, and nearly driven her son out of his senses, paints her a garland of autumn leaves; Sir John Curtis "raves about her" because she opens a gate for him; whilst Arthur kneels before her in a suppliant attitude! It must be admitted that this young woman escapes with altogether too slender punishment from the indulgent hand of Mrs. Oliphant. Fate, we are afraid, would have dealt with her far more severely. It is true the author occasionally expresses, in mild terms, her disapproval of the conduct of her heroine. When she abandons her husband, for instance, Mrs. Oliphant goes so far as to call her "this foolish girl;" still, the inadequacy of the reproof, in proportion to Nancy's offences, recalls the historical comment passed upon the conduct of Mr. William Bolain:—

> Billy Bolain jumped out of bed,
> Took hold of his sister, and cut off her head.
> Now this was wrong of Billy Bolain;
> Let us hope that he never will do it again.

But we have a graver cause of quarrel with Mrs. Oliphant than her neglect to point a moral by bringing her too impulsive heroine to repentance in dust and ashes. We could forgive the absence of the dust and ashes, if only a little of the vulgarity had worn off by the time of the closing tableau, when Nancy subsides into her husband's arms, under the approving gaze of his parents. If only, instead of taking to painting autumn flowers, she had learned to speak the Queen's English, we should have had so much more hope that the young couple would at length live happily together. But Mrs. Oliphant leaves Nancy very much where she was at first in point of refinement and grammar. Then we were introduced to her seated upon a horsehair sofa, with her lover's arm round her waist, within reach of "papa's rum and mamma's joke." "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Instead of Nancy gaining any grace of behaviour from the contact with her husband's aristocratic belongings, she appears, on the contrary, to exercise upon them a most malign influence; we observe that both Sir John and Lady Curtis, although the former is of such "long descent" and the latter so intellectual that she "occasionally writes to the Reviews," begin towards the end of the book to speak as ungrammatically as Nancy herself. It dawns upon us that if we were vouchsafed a further glance into the future, we might find Sir John to have developed a taste for rum and water; and even before we part with her, Lady Curtis gives indications of emulating Mrs. Bates in the matter of seasonable jokes. "Grammar and emotion do not always go together," observes the author; and this is the reason, we suppose, that, when Nancy and emotion enter Oakenden Hall, grammar flies out of the window.

MINOR NOTICES.

Select British Essayists. The Spectator. Edited by John Habberton. (New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. London: Sampson Low and Co.)—The humour that has delighted England and America in the pages of 'Helen's Babies' is naturally not wanting in Mr. Habberton's preface to his selections from the *Spectator*. After observing how few in the present day have time to read the delightful journals of the last century, and drawing the conclusion that a volume of selections would not be without interest, he consulted various readers of the *Spectator*, "men of almost every cast of mind," as to what he should select or reject in his projected volume. "The result, however," says Mr. Habberton, "was not encouraging; were this volume to contain all that each of these advisers suggested, it would be an entire reproduction of the *Spectator*; were omission made according to the collective advice rendered, only the title-page, dedications, table of contents, and index would reach the reader's eye." Abandoning at once the hope of foreign aid, Mr. Habberton turned to the work himself. When he tells us that he has omitted one-sixth of the whole work, which consists "of excellent and exhaustive literary criticisms, whose length makes it impossible that they shall be read by anyone who is not a special student of the authors concerned," as well as the papers "upon habits and follies which died with their day, and of which only the curious care to read;" when we learn that the Sir Roger de Coverley papers are left out because they "have already been published in a volume by themselves;" that "a few papers, in which vices, not unknown to the present age, are vigorously attacked, are excluded for the sole cause that their diction is, while never indecent, too plain to suit ears accustomed to the wisely guarded speech of to-day;" that "the extracts, mostly from Latin writers, which precede the original papers, have been omitted for the sake of space;" and that he has "not given all that remains after the omissions alluded to have been made," we begin to think that Mr. Habberton is laughing at us, and that we shall find no *Spectator* at all after his preface. When, however, we come to the really delightful little volume that Mr. Habberton has compiled after all these omissions, our surprise at his success is only tempered by admiration at the mine of wealth lying in the old volumes which, after such a sifting, could still have matter for so good a volume. Mr. Habberton would disarm hostile criticism by his consenting to "plead guilty of sacrilege, desecration, butchery," or whatever the "habitual readers of the *Spectator*" would style his offence, in venturing to select; but Mr. Habberton has done his work so admirably that there can be little hostile criticism to disarm. It is to be hoped that Mr. Habberton's selection may do something towards increasing the circulation of the *Spectator*. Some time ago a New York journal, for the purpose of testing the knowledge of its readers, printed 'Clarissa' in its columns, altering only the title and the names of the characters, and for some time the deliberate deception remained undiscovered. So we fear that London journals might publish many an essay from the *Spectator* before the adoption were detected.

How to Draw a Straight Line. A Lecture on Linkages. By A. B. Kempe. (Macmillan and Co.)—To the mind of the average individual nothing would perhaps seem easier than to answer the question, How to draw a straight line.

The average individual, and certainly almost all artists, would reply that a ruler and pencil solved the difficulty, or rather the question, for they would scarcely suppose any difficulty to exist. But the difficulty does exist, though it probably does not occur to one in a hundred of the students who, puzzling over Euclid, find at least no difficulty in the first and second postulates; and this difficulty Mr. A. B. Kempe, in the some two-score pages of his lecture on linkages, helps to explain and solve. It would be well for all interested in geometry to read Mr. Kempe's book, which is an interesting contribution towards the more rational and experimental study of the science.

The Turkish Vade-Mecum. By J. W. Redhouse. (Trübner.)—This is a new, improved, and amplified edition of the work which was published during the Crimean War, and proved then very useful. It is not a mere phrase-book, but contains a very good sketch of the Turkish grammar, quite sufficient to furnish the student with ample knowledge of the chief rules which, with the vocabulary, will enable him in a short time to acquire a fair knowledge of the language which certainly possesses peculiar beauties. Its compact shape adapts it admirably for a true *vade-mecum*, as it would easily go into a waistcoat pocket. It can thoroughly be recommended.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—"ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II."

There are some passages in Dr. Dryasdust's Prefatory Letter to 'Peveril of the Peak,' which Mr. Wills should have read with care before he composed this play. The learned Doctor professes to give an account of a conversation that he had with the author, with whom he had ventured to remonstrate touching his departures from historical truth. "Craving your paternal forgiveness, for my presumption," the Doctor had said, "I sighed at the possibility of your venturing yourself amongst a body of critics, to whom, in the capacity of skilful antiquaries, the investigation of truth is an especial duty, and who may therefore visit, with the more severe censure, those aberrations which it is so often your pleasure to make from the path of true history." The Author pleaded in answer, that he did not pretend to take more than the foundations of his tales from history; and the Doctor arguing farther that there was a danger of his making readers content with frothy and superficial knowledge, he replied that, "he had turned the attention of the public on various points which had received elucidation from writers of more learning and research, in consequence of his novels having attached some interest to them." "Yes," the Doctor urged; "but this will leave you still accountable for misleading the young, the indolent, and the giddy, by thrusting into their hands works which, while they have so much the appearance of conveying information, as may prove perhaps a salve to their consciences for employing their leisure in the perusal, yet leave their giddy brains contented with the crude, uncertain, and often false statements which your novels abound with." To this the Author replied that at least he gave his readers some knowledge of a period, where otherwise they probably would have had none; and Dryasdust, unable to meet this, yet unconvinced, ended the controversy by insisting as follows:—"Well, sir, with me you must have your own course; and, for reasons well known to you, it is impossible for me to reply to you in argument. But I doubt if all you have said will reconcile the public to the anachronisms of your present volumes. Here you have a Countess of Derby fetched out of her cold grave, and saddled with a set of adventures dated twenty years after her death, besides being given up as a Catholic, when she was in fact a zealous Huguenot."

Mr. Wills should have no less difficulty than "the Great Magician" in reconciling the public to some of his anachronisms, one of them in particular, affecting this same Countess of Derby. We do not complain of his dealing as freely with the novel as Sir Walter dealt with history, taking back the Countess and with her Julian Peveril and Alice Bridgenorth twenty years, framing indeed a wholly new plot, and only borrowing two or three incidents from *Peveril of the Peak*. Nor do we complain that Mr. Wills, being a sentimental Royalist of rather a pre-historical type, turns the Merry Monarch into a tedious speechmaker about the prerogatives of kings. In fact, Mr. Wills's political partisanship gives less cause for complaint in this than in some of his previous plays. He caricatures the Puritans much less than he has done before. But where we do think the public have a legitimate grievance against Mr. Wills, and where he has made a mistake on his own account, is in an anachronism, as we have said, touching the Countess of Derby. He represents this lady as an independent sovereign. Apparently, Mr. Wills is so fond of kings and queens that he believes we cannot have too many of them, and, perhaps, too, he intends to add to the dignity and impressiveness of his heroine by investing her with royal prerogatives. Now, we think that Mr. Wills should have abstained from this means of aggrandising his heroine, not on political or historical grounds, but because he has thereby thrown his whole play into confusion, and produced the impression that there is no plot in it at all, when really there is a very good and otherwise fairly intelligible plot. All the perplexity in Mr. Wills's play which has so baffled the critics arises from this initial mistake of treating the petty sovereignty of the Isle of Man as if it were independent. In the first act we are called upon to witness the shooting of one Christian as the doom of treason. "A soldier Queen—Treason and its doom," or some such words, are put for our guidance in the play-bill. But when this soldier queen re-appears, we find her apparently in danger of the block herself for this act of justice, not merely at the hands of lawless avengers of blood, but at the hands of King Charles II. The explanation is that the Countess of Derby was not a queen at all, but a subject of the king's, who, being a woman of violent temper, tried a Puritan under an antiquated pretence of sovereign right, and put him to death, in defiance of the king's proclamation of amnesty. But Mr. Wills, if he does give this explanation in the play, and we confess we did not hear it, so obscures it by the misleading summary in the play-bill, that the position of the Countess or Queen in the play becomes a source of utter perplexity and bewilderment to the audience. It is a pity that Mr. Wills should have allowed this sort of dotage upon the semblance of royalty to tempt him astray, because he has done himself injustice thereby, and confused a really well-constructed and coherent play. We would advise him to try the experiment of altering his play-bill, and watching whether the puzzled look which at present attends the performance does not disappear from the faces of the audience.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Sir Patrick Colquhoun sends an account to the *Times* regarding the story of Osman Pasha's being none other than Marshal Bazaine, and takes the opportunity to taunt Mr. Gladstone with his "experience on Turkish soil." But Sir P. Colquhoun, with his great experience, will surely not care to deny that there are some travellers who see more and learn more in one day than a resident sees or learns in a year. This is especially the case with the consuls in Turkey. With one or two exceptions, such as Dr. Blau of the Prussian service, Herr von Kállay and Herr von Hahn of the Austrian service, it may with perfect truth be said that no class is so eager to "hear the news" from travellers as the consuls in Turkey, who are mostly bound to their posts, and know very little of what goes on except in their immediate vicinity. The Turkish authorities do all they can to prevent the consuls from obtaining independent information and to make them dependent on themselves for news. The consuls thus soon fall into the habit of relying upon the Turkish sources of information,

and of swearing by them as long as they possibly can. Sir P. Colquhoun does not seem to have been able to lose this habit, if it is permitted to apply the ordinary rules of evidence by which the Press is governed. According to these rules, if a paper publishes a certain piece of intelligence which may be regarded as exclusive, and another paper publishes the same news after a considerable interval, the journalistic inference is that the second paper copied its news from the first; and, according to the same rule, Sir P. Colquhoun's news was derived from the *Turquie*, which a week before had already published an account of Osman Pasha's life from "official sources." If Sir P. Colquhoun knew from "personal experience" that Osman Pasha was not Bazaine, why did he not give his knowledge to the world long ago, when the rumour first appeared? And would it not have been more patriotic and kind of Sir Patrick to have quoted the *Examiner* of August 11 in preference to the *Turquie*, and to have pointed out, with justifiable pride in the accuracy and promptitude of the British Press, that the *Examiner* had already stated that Osman Pasha was well known to several Englishmen, and, fortunately for the Turkish army, was not the hero of Mexico and Metz! And why did not Sir P. Colquhoun step forward to defend the general he now so warmly praises when he was universally condemned by the Ottoman Press in England for his incapacity, ignorance, and indolence during the Servian campaign?

We now know what the Colorado beetle is. At least somebody does, who, with rare modesty, has just anonymously published a book at Liegnitz, showing that the Colorado beetle, the phylloxera, the locust, and the cattle plague are the apocalyptical horsemen mentioned in Revelations vi., v. 2–8. The Duke of Richmond ought to see to this. It would be a terrible thing for this country if even a Conservative Government were to stiffen their necks against Divine Providence, and try to delay the Millennium. Or perhaps it would be better to direct the attention of the cattle-dealers to the work, and leave them to prove to his Grace the iniquity of trying to restrict the spread of the disease by sinful import regulations.

It is highly interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and doubtless both the Bishop of Manchester and Mr. Lionel Lawson will be much interested, though probably in different degrees, in their images in the Hungarian mirror, as held up for their inspection by the *Pesther Lloyd*. This paper states that something "unheard of in England" has just occurred, and that "a Bishop of the Anglican Court Church—according to Tory ideas, the very type of loyalty—has ventured to give vent to his feelings regarding the Queen's disregard for her subjects, even when they most humbly implore her to honour them with her most gracious presence." It was at the opening of the Town Hall in Manchester that the Bishop spoke the words which have filled the *Pesther Lloyd* with astonishment. "In reply to the toast for the Queen, the Bishop replied, to the bewilderment of the citizens, as follows:—'It is regretted, not only by the present assembly and the whole town of Manchester, that Her Majesty has not honoured them with her presence, but Her Majesty herself will probably regret it. It is perhaps not necessary for her now to appeal to the loyalty of the country, but it might be the case to-morrow; and if ever the day came when it should be necessary to appeal to the loyalty of the people, the Queen would regret the day when she refused to honour the citizens of Manchester with her most gracious presence. (Loud and continued applause.) Her presence would have raised the loyalty which burns in the bosom of the Lancashire people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. But they would recover from their disappointment; and if Her Majesty were to come to-morrow, she would not discover a trace of their vexation.' Hitherto," continues the *Pesther Lloyd*, "it was only the shopkeepers in Regent Street who more or less loudly expressed their discontent at the Queen's seclusion; and this is the first time that such discontent has been expressed at a public meeting, and, above all, by a Bishop! The English papers have taken no notice of this incident, with the exception of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose hyperloyal proprietor, Lionel Lawson, was unable to procure his elevation to the baronetcy under the Liberals, in spite of all the incense he burned so lavishly, and who is now the most determined supporter of Lord Beaconsfield. He alone has ventured to remonstrate gently with the Bishop, but very gently, for he is afraid that his paper would suffer in its popularity if he attacked the outspoken priest too strongly." This is most unkind and ungrateful of the *Pesther Lloyd*, considering what a faithful ally to the Turks the *Daily Telegraph* has been. There surely ought to be honour amongst friends.

The correspondent of the *Pesther Lloyd*, writing from Constantinople on September 14, makes a strange statement, which can scarcely be true. He says that when Mr. and Mrs. Layard were invited to dinner with the Sultan, Abdul Hamid made Mrs. Layard a present of a costly set of brilliants, "out of gratitude for the truly magnificent sums which all classes of English society had subscribed for the wounded victims of war, and for general purposes." Prince and Princess Reuss were received in audience the same day. But though they were very politely welcomed by the Padishah, no brilliants were presented to the Princess. It will, however, probably be sufficient to state that the above assertion has been publicly made to elicit a contradiction from the ambassador.

Very large sums were collected in the synagogues, on the Feast of Reconciliation, for the Turks and Jewish victims of the war. Thus Rabbi Jellinek, in Vienna, so thrilled his congregation with a harrowing account of the persecution of the Jews in Turkey by the Russians, that 5,000 florins were at once collected for the benefit of the Bulgarian Jews, especially of those who are said to have suffered so much at Kezanlyk. It is true there used to be a great many Jews in Kezanlyk, where they bought up the attar of roses manufactured there. Since they got the trade into their hands, the production of the oil has been quadrupled; not exactly by horticultural means, but by adulterating the pure attar with geranium oil and stearic acid, the latter substance producing those snowy flocculi which the uninitiated regard as a proof of the purity of the attar.

The sermon of Rabbi Kaiserling of Pesth was also productive of very satisfactory results, as the ingenuity of the learned doctor in piecing various verses pell-mell together, so as to make the text apply more strikingly to present affairs, amply deserved. He began with verse 4 of Ezekiel xxxviii., interpolated part of verse 15, continued with verses 3 and 4 of chapter xxxix., and wound up with verse 11 of the preceding chapter. The result was the following text:—"And I will turn thee back and put hooks into thy jaws, and I will bring thee forth (v. 4) from thy place out of the north parts (v. 15), and all thine army, horses, and horsemen, all of them clothed with all sorts of armour, a great company with bucklers and shields, all of them handling swords (v. 4). And I will smite thy bow out of thy left hand, and will cause thy arrows to fall out of thy right hand. I will cast thee to the ravenous birds of every sort, and to the beasts of the field to be devoured" (v. 3 and 4, ch. xxxix.) Proceeding upon this cheerful text, the learned Rabbi showed incontestably that it was Divine Providence "that broke up the Muscovite tyrant, and gave the victory unto the people battling for their liberty." He then wound up with a powerful appeal to the Jews for aid to alleviate the misery of their brothers who were fighting (*der kämpfenden Brüder*) for life and liberty!

Last Saturday Dr. Hiller of Vienna held a strange auction on account of the Maklerbank, which had discounted the bills of a considerable number of highly aristocratic personages. The bills themselves were the subject of the auction. One of Count Felix Deym's, of Prague, was first put up. It amounted to 96,000 florins. A gentleman in long flowing robes, vulgarly called a caftan, bought it for 56 florins. The second was one of Baron Hönig von Vaczka's, of Pressburg, for 120,000 florins. This was knocked down for 41 florins. Prince Theodore Cantacuzeno was next on the list with 28,836 florins, the value of which was assessed at the modest sum of 25 florins. Surely the signature alone of the scion of so historical a house was worth more than that! But perhaps it is a long way to where the Prince lives, for Baron Karl von Kolosváry, of Pressburg, with 15,000 florins, fetched

the same price. Then followed a debt of Count Francis Deym's, of Brussels, for 31,197 florins, and one of the youthful Countess Blanca Deym's, for 20,694 florins. The first was eagerly contested, and brought in the comparatively large sum of 52 florins, whilst that of the Countess only fetched 5 florins. Altogether, claims amounting to 390,694 florins were knocked down for 479 florins. In conclusion, Count Frederick Schaafgotsche, against whom there was a claim for 305,387 florins, was able to settle it for the sum of 1,000 florins.

It appears that the ex-Sultan Murad is a Freemason, and that the Turkish lodges have largely increased the number of their members lately. On a recent occasion they subscribed a considerable sum for the wounded, in return for which Abdul Hamid sent his adjutant to "Brother" Said Pasha to express his thanks for their gift.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild has left Vienna for London to arrange about the issue of the Austro-Hungarian Annuities (payable in gold).

Herr von Kállay, formerly Consul-General for Austria at Belgrade, has just published the second part, Vol. I., of his 'History of the Serbs, from the earliest times to 1815.' We hear that he is in possession of new and valuable sources of information.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is evidently to have his hands well filled as a writer of refined guide-books to comparatively unknown regions. The planters in Victoria County, Natal, having been informed that he intended to write a book on South Africa, have invited him to visit their district, and made special arrangements to give him a reception. Perhaps these gentlemen remember the valuable service that Mr. Trollope performed on a former occasion to the planters of Queensland.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which has hitherto borne a high character for Calvinism, has bought a theatre in Edinburgh, which, owing to vicissitudes of fortune, found its way into the market, with all the scenery, dresses, and other "properties." It was at first thought that the conductors of the church intended to utilise the building for the revival of miracle plays, the influence of which in the diffusion of Middle Age religion is well known. But we are informed now that their object is to convert the theatre into a hall for the annual meetings of their representative body, the Synod. A few "high jinks," in the shape of amateur theatricals, will probably be allowed, and it would evidently be wise to give such permission, for, at the pace at which Scotch churches are moving theologically, it could hardly fail to become a high temple of heresy.

There is to be an exhibition of Fine Arts in Turin in 1879, and the Minister of Public Instruction has offered several prizes for the best works in painting and sculpture. This is very well, but such respect for art is not always to be found in the city where Clement Marot died, for the treatment by the Turin Municipality of a statue to Daniel Manin reflects little credit either on their love for art or their patriotism. This statue was erected to the memory of the great Venetian Dictator, shortly after his death, by the combined efforts of many French and Italian friends. It represented Italy holding a shield bearing the portrait of the defender of Venice, and stood upon the promenade on the ramparts. These ramparts have now been removed, and the various statues that ornamented it been dispersed, that of Manin being relegated to the inclosure of a reservoir, from which it is hardly visible, and where it is impossible to get at it.

The friendship now manifested by the famous Cheyenne chief, Spotted Tail, to the United States Government, of which he was so dangerous and determined an enemy, is, according to some, accounted for by a romantic story, which, as far as we know, has not yet been given to the world in print. The story goes that, at one of the forts on the Indian frontier, the appearance of a handsome young officer captivated the heart of a daughter of Spotted Tail's. So much was she captivated that she offered to become his squaw, an offer which the young officer, who was already married, and whose wife was with him, was obliged to decline, much to the grief and wonder of the fair Indian, who was quite unable to comprehend why the presence of one squaw should be a hindrance to the acquisition of others. Broken-hearted by refusal, according to the tale, she pined away and died, but on her death-bed made her father promise for her sake to remain always in friendship with the white man. This promise Spotted Tail gave, and kept. The story may not be true, but it is at least a pleasing way of accounting for Spotted Tail's conversion, and shows that the noble savage of Fenimore Cooper is not quite extinct, at least in romance.

It seems from some recently discovered letters at Washington, from the father of the late Senator Sumner to the then President, applying for a place for his son in the West Point Military School, that Charles Sumner was intended for the career of a soldier, an intention that, by not being carried out, gave to the United States one of the most famous of her politicians. Those who knew the late Senator will remember how well his massive form and imposing appearance would have suited with a general's uniform. His physical strength was so evident that when Brooks made the cowardly attack upon him in the Senate House he took care to do so when Sumner had his back turned, and was sitting at his table. Had Pitt remained a cornet, had Clive continued a clerk, had Sumner entered the army, the politics of three countries might have been greatly altered.

The investigation of the Ring frauds in New York, and the examination of W. M. Tweed, may lead the impartial observer to some interesting reflections. It may, perhaps, seem a little hard that, of all the gang who disgraced New York for so many years, "Boss" Tweed almost alone has been a sufferer for its misdeeds, while Oakey Hall is over on this side of the Atlantic, and Connolly is enjoying a fortune somewhere in Europe. The Boss is said to have suffered greatly from the trials and privations consequent upon his recent escape. How this escape was effected he is himself unable to say. It was arranged by his friends, and carried out by a gang of desperadoes, and all he seems to know is that he was kept for some days in the hold of a vessel, then carried off down South, and held in hiding there for some time, and finally shipped off to Cuba, whence, in company with his son, he worked his way to Spain, only to be again arrested and brought back to New York. Those who remember the Boss in the days of his glory, and consider his huge size, can understand how disagreeable so much "roughing it" must have been to him.

The recent contest about the "Peg Woffington" hat, though not likely to assume the importance that belonged to the parties of the hats and caps in Sweden, or to become as historic as the events connected with the hats of Gessler or Bockum-Dolff, is not without interest. The question of priority involved suggests the curious problem, If any descendants of the painter who first limned the famous actress in this particular form of hat were in existence, would they have the right to claim the invention? Would the same hold good with regard to descendants of Peg Woffington herself? As Peg Woffington is Mr. Charles Reade's especial property, we leave this for him to decide.

A strong military cordon has been drawn up along the Russian frontier by the Berlin authorities to prevent the importation of cattle from Russian Poland, where the cattle plague is said to have assumed considerable proportions. This may be one of the reasons for establishing the cordon; but another reason is furnished by the fact that the fall in the value of gold offers temptations to do a brisk trade, which would be highly unwelcome at the present moment to the Russian authorities, who want all the cattle they can get for themselves, and do not desire to see a rise in the prices. At the same time, the cordon might be used to guard against other eventualities, and is used to enforce the passport regulations very stringently. But it is curious that the Austrian authorities have not adopted the same measures.

London is the richer by one religious community more. A colony of Ursulines, formerly in Hanover, has been established at Greenwich.

A strange scene occurred the other day at Sierck on the Moselle. Herr Schmidt had a dog which he wished to get rid of. Rowing out into the middle of the river, he fastened a stone round the dog's head and threw him into the water. The animal sank at once; but during his struggles the rope slipped off the stone, and he again rose to the surface and tried to get back into the boat. His master, however, continued to push him back, but as the dog persevered, he lost his patience, and striking at him with his oar, lost his footing and fell into the water himself. He was unable to swim, but the dog, seizing him by his coat, succeeded in bringing him to land, after having been repeatedly washed away by the current. The dog's life was spared, we are happy to say.

A correspondent writes from Constantinople to the effect that "the harvest is so rich throughout the Turkish provinces that 500,000 men and the whole of the cavalry can be fed for a year on the tithes alone. In Angora, last year's tithes are not yet consumed; and this year's crops throughout the vilayet have been so abundant that the authorities do not know where to find room to stow the tithes away." This is strange. We were under the impression that last year half Asia Minor was suffering from famine. At any rate, that was the impression here when subscriptions were raised for the sufferers. On second considerations, however, it is not strange. Abundance of Government tithes in Turkey and famine amongst the people are quite reconcilable phenomena.

We should not advise any of the poets who have been singing the praises of September to go anywhere near the Moselle. The weather has been so wretchedly damp, cold, and generally ungenial that the vintage will be one of the worst ever known. The vintners are, in consequence, very dangerous at the present moment, and might treat the versifiers to more "sparkling Moselle," literally, than agreeable.

It is affirmed, on what appears to be good authority, that Thiers was not the son of a locksmith, as is stated by Balzac, nor yet the son of a bankrupt cloth merchant, as Vapereau says. His father, on the contrary, was an *avocat* attached to the Marseilles parliament, and his grandfather keeper of the municipal archives. His mother's name was Marie Madeleine Amic. She was the daughter of the commercial agent of the town of Marseilles in Constantinople, and a cousin of André and Joseph Chenier's. Thiers himself was an only son, and consequently had neither brother nor sister.

Miss Emily Faithfull, whose power of work seems perfectly inexhaustible, has started a penny local paper, called the *West London Express*. It is, as might have been expected, of a very much higher class than such papers generally are, and the first two numbers which have been issued are full of bright writing.

Mr. Gladstone has, we learn, undertaken to write a 'Primer of Homer,' for Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s series of Literature Primers, edited by Mr. J. R. Green.

George Fleming, author of 'A Nile Novel,' a book which attracted some attention in the early part of this year, has in the press a new work called 'Mirage,' the scene of which is laid in Syria and Palestine. It will be published in the course of the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Brown, Robert, M.A.—The Countries of the World. Vol. I. (4to, pp. 320.) Cassell and Co. 6*s*.

Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery. (Demy 8vo, pp. 1178.) Cassell and Co.

Fénelon, Archbishop.—Spiritual Letters. To Women. (Crown 8vo, pp. 294.) Rivingtons.

Foreign Classics for English Readers. Voltaire. By Colonel Hamley. (Small 8vo, pp. 204.) W. Blackwood and Sons. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Grey Abbey. A Novel. By Old Calabar. In 2 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Chapman and Hall. 21*s*.

Hungarian Poems and Fables for English Readers. Translated by E. D. Butler. (Crown 8vo, pp. 88.) Trübner and Co.

Kalisch, M. M., Ph.D.—Bible Studies. Part I. The Prophecies of Balaam. (Large demy 8vo, pp. 312.) Longmans and Co. 10*s*. 6*d*.

London Series of English Classics. Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (Fcp. 8vo.) Longmans and Co. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Noel, Honourable Roden.—The House of Ravensbury. (Small 8vo, pp. 147.) Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Ollive, John.—Rothery Selfert, Q.C. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Chapman and Hall. 31*s*. 6*d*.

Scott, William Bell.—William Blake. Etchings from his Works. Chatto and Windus.

Stevenson, James.—The Civilization of South-Eastern Africa. (Large demy 8vo, pp. 56.) J. Maclehose.

Taylor, R. W., M.A.—Xenophon's Anabasis of Cyrus. Books III. and IV. (Crown 8vo.) Rivingtons.

Von Scheffel, Joseph Victor.—The Trumpeter of Sakkingen. Translated by Mrs. F. Brünnow. (Crown 8vo, pp. 311.) Chapman and Hall.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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12 Tea do.	0	12	0	0	18	0	1	2	0	1	10	0
2 Salt do.	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	4	0
1 Mustard do.	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0	0	2	0
6 Egg do.	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	11	0	0	12	0
1 Gravy do.	0	6	0	0	7	6	0	9	6	0	10	6
1 Soup Ladle	0	9	6	0	13	0	0	15	0	0	16	6
1 Fish Knife	0	11	0	0	13	0	0	15	6	0	16	6
1 Butter Knife	0	2	6	0	3	6	0	5	0	0	5	0
2 Sauce Ladles	0	5	6	0	7	0	0	8	0	0	9	0
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